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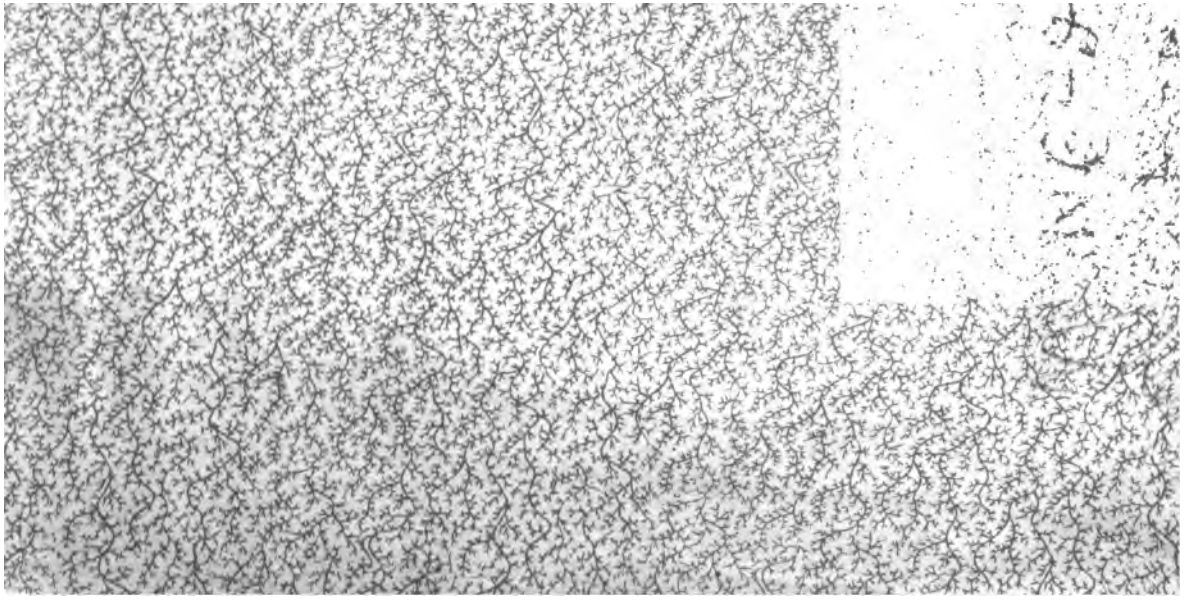


MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS,

ON

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS

SUBJECTS:

BY OSANDER.

Religion as it is, I'd shew,
Mild as the zephyrs of a morning sky,
Sweet as the breathings of an April air,
And rich as Heav'n's expanse.

HUDSON:

PRINTED BY WM. E. NORMAN

NO. 2, WARREN STREET.

1811.

158955
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1899.

District of New-York, ss.

Be it remembered, that on the 24th day of October, in the 36th year of the Independence of the United States of America, William E. Norman, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"Miscellaneous Poems, on Moral and Religious Subjects.
"By Osander."

"Religion, as it is, I'd shew,
"Mild as the zephyrs of a morning sky,
"Sweet as the breathings of an April air,
"And rich as Heav'n's expanse——."

In conformity to an Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

CHARLES CLINTON, *Clerk*
of the District of New-York.

DEDICATION.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, D. D.

REV. AND RESPECTED SIR,

WHEN a youth, just entering into life, experiences the disinterested kindness of an amiable and respectable friend, how can his heart but glow with gratitude. Such an youth am I, Sir; and the urbanity of your conduct toward me, joined to the solicitude by you expressed for my welfare, has caused impressions never to be eradicated: As a small expression of my feeling, permit me, Sir, thus publickly to dedicate to you my thanks, together with this little volume, which, however it may fail in intrinsick merit, is certainly not wanting in good intention.

With filial reverence,

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

OSANDER.

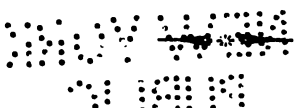
HUDSON, (N. Y.) Nov. 10th, 1811.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

THE young Gentleman, who, under the nam
OSANDER, proposes to publish a volume of Poe
has presented to us such papers as are satisfactory
cerning his character. His design is to acquire from
publication, such pecuniary assistance, as will enable hi
prosecute his studies, with a view to the Gospel Minis
Believing that the profits arising from this publicat
will be sacredly appropriated to the above object; we
dially recommend him to public notice.

SAMUEL MILLER,
J. B. ROMEYN,
PHILIP MILLEDOLER,
EZRA STILES ELY,
GARDINER SPRING.

New-York, August 16, 1811.



HAVING had the pleasure of perusing several of
Poems which compose this little volume, and my opi
concerning them being solicited, I do not hesitate in c
acterizing them as possessed of considerable merit. If
author's muse be young, it well deserves encouragem

The motive which has induced OSANDER to this undertaking, is, in itself, interesting, and the public will have an opportunity of aiding in the accomplishment of a purpose which hath for its prospect, the promotion of piety, and the service of the Church.

SAMUEL BLATCHFORD.

Lansingburgh, July 26, 1811.

PREFACE.

THE eye of criticism will, unquestionably, discover errors ; but to a juvenile work, it is hoped charity will be extended. Peculiarity of situation, is all that drives the author into the ordeal of publick opinion at so early an age.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN Heav'n its blessings to mankind dispens'd,
The social tie was giv'n ; a treasure, rich,
And much to be esteem'd :
Not on his fellow, as a slave, or vile,
May man now look, but as another link
In that same chain of which he is a part.
Society is bound by mutual aids.
No man is independent.
Do we superior stations hold !
The farmer's toil, the merchant's enterprize,
All, all the various labors of the whole,
Conspire to render us compleat
In what we are. Does pride our thoughts lift up
And swell to heights of haughtiness,
How soon some trivial want will bring us down,
And shew our folly : this we know,
Altho' we still may swell, and still be proud ;
And still be haughty, till the day of death
Sweeps us to dust and covers us with clods.

Whence is this pride? From evil in ourselves
And he who fosters it
Gives vigor to a curse and imitates the damn'd.
But all men are not proud:
Yes, some there are, the social tie preserve
As first 'twas giv'n so far as, fall'n, they may.
Such 'tis my lot to know and to admire.
Ye who the rising sapling would not crush
But who in friendliest deed your pow'rs combine
To foster it to strength.
Accept a trivial of respect!
While my heart thanks you and with humble praise.
Adores that GOD who rais'd you up as friends
Long may you grow in grace, as active blessings,
Rich in joy and virtue; and when future time
Shall raise your souls from this to ether's sphere
May Paradise celestial ope her gates
And that sweet smile whose beam is extacy
Declare you welcome.
Then among us youth may there be found:
Those, who your present stations shall maintain
With equal piety and equal zeal.

ERRATA.

Page 29*th*, 1*st line*, *for* way, *read* sway.
126, 17*th*, *for* you, *read* yon.
156, 4*th* above the harp, *read* the harp above.
157, 13*th* *for* comfort, *read* confront.

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POEMS BY OSANDER.

A VISION.

BY a streamlet, whose course, from a fountain, was gliding,
I cast me adown in the shade of a willow :
There, pensive, I thought on the cares, while reclining,
Of life's chequer'd scene, so resembling the billow.

Soon sleep, pleasant sleep, o'er my senses had shed,
The dew which he culls from the poppy's profusion :
No more I perceived the shade o'er my head,
No longer the streamlet soft murmuring confusion.

But, mentally waking, my vision was brighten'd :
I saw, or I thought that I saw, a sweet scene ;
The light in the west by some glory was heighten'd,
Than th' day more delightful, than morn more serene :

Slow gliding to view, in the loveliest beauty,
A form, sweet as Heav'nly visions, appear'd;
Than cherub more smiling, than seraph more lovely,
She seem'd by the finger of Deity rear'd.

" Pensive mortal," she said (and she pointed above,)
" Seest thou not yonder beaming mansions of day!
" They are fitted by mercy, assisted by love,
" And the wild where you wander is only th' way."

So saying she gave me a glimpse of their glory,
Then vanish'd—as, happy, from dreaming I woke.

Ah why shall we murmur, the years are too many!
Go on in the way our Redeemer has trod:
A journey of trial, 'tis filled with plenty,
If we'll trust in our maker, preserver, our GOD.

Soon, our pilgrimage o'er, the prospect appearing,
Will be happiness, glory, and fulness of joy.
Where praises may rise unmolested by fearing,
Hallelujahs, forever unmix'd with alloy.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM out the pregnant stores of the fierce North,
Where, mid confusion dire and dangers terrible,
Storms lie, and tempests nestle into being,
See——it blackens!
Clouds roll in dark magnificence,
And Gothick grandeur mounts——
—As if some spirit, from the nether dell
Of Chaos, having torn the volving fragments,
Scatter'd them mid air,
And these, now by contending winds condens'd,
Mounder'd along the astonish'd vault of Heav'n!
But 'tis the ruler of the hosts on high:
Some trivial exercise of power divine,
For purposes—to him best known—but wise,
For wisdom is the daughter of Divinity.

*TO YON'DER BEAUTEOUS LITTLE BIRD THAT SINGS SO PLEASIN'GLY.**

PRETTY little warbling note,
Do not cease, so soon, to float—
Beauteous plumage, color'd high,
Where do you essay to fly ?
Dont, oh dont you take alarm,
I'll not even think you harm :
—Perhaps within some distant grove,
You've left the one you constant love.
—Ah then, floating, glide along,
Only close your parting song.
Is she near you in the nest,
Hushing still your young to rest ?
Oh then stay, I will not harm you,
Fear nor danger sha'nt alarm you :
—Does she call you ? fare you well—
Only close the parting swell.

* *This was the title given the piece at the time it w written and is, therefore, still retained.*

THE FLY.—A FABLE.

FANCY paints the distant scene,
As a varying, pleasing, green,
Where the eye may rest unheeding,
Fond desire with treasure feeding :
But beware ! the danger measure,
Ere you trust the syren pleasure.

In summer ray was hung to view,
(Believe or not my story true)
A web, by spider, long employ'd
In arts, that plenteously destroy'd
The little host of wand'ring flies,
Unheeding, and too sure unwise.
This web the same in texture made,
With those in every corner laid,
The same in form, appearance too—
—As constantly to victim true.
But now a damp'ning cloud had pass'd,
And o'er its form profusely cast,
What soon a bright deception made,

By help of Sun's returning aid;
For, high, within the reach of gleam,
It hung, and glisten'd in the beam.

A Fly, of days a few advanc'd,
Beyond the youthful giddy dance,
Where want of years so often slips,
And self-importance always trips,
Was trav'lling, like full many a wight,
In search of ventures, tird of sight
Of home and constancy of view,
Where nothing turn'd up strange or new:
Well vers'd was he by what to know,
The dangers spread by subtle foe;
At least, *he surely thought him so.*
But now, perchance, as near he drew
Our web, which glistening, hung to view;
He'd heard of knowledge late discover'd,
'Mong foreign flies with learning favor'd;
By which the race of spiders were
Really prov'd to be but air.
(Thus passion blinds the impetuous youth,

And fancy, falsehood gilds, for truth.)
His head thus turn'd, he nearer drew,
And thought yon glist'ning something new;
Some treasure rich to pay his pains,
Or pleasure, which was passing gains:
Then heedless flew, but ah! too late
He mourns his sad decisive fate.
The spider scarcely staid to give
Him hopes that he had long to live,
But seizing, shew'd, with instant care,
Spiders were something more than air.

REFLECTION.

'Tis when the mind is cast in clouds.
And glooming darkness round it spreads,
Disheart'ning thoughts come in by crowds,
And every coming thought brings dread ;

'Tis then that winged from above,
The love of our Redeemer comes ;
Our painful groans he seems approve
But points to our celestial homes.

THE PAINTER.

DIP your pencil in the beam,
In the sun's departing gleam ;
Dip your pencil in the wave,
Where the milder beamlets lave ;
Join the soft of azure way,
With the flow'r of op'ning may ;
Then to these the dew unite,
April blossom spangling bright :
Now a perfect portrait make,
Yes a faithful likeness take,
Such as it appears above,
Of him, by forgiving love,
Heav'nly mercy's aspect mild,
Made Religion's humble child :
Now the feature, now the face,
As in th' soul renew'd by grace.
Paint resignation meeting there
Faith and hope the cherub pair—
—Ah ! you fail, your perfect skill,
Painter, draws this work but ill.

A FRAGMENT.

MY thoughts like waking billows roll
Along the solemn shore—
O'er death's dark deep they wander,
Calling up shadows past,
The spirits of beloved dead—
Oh come, that I may view you once again,
Rise up in vision, and, to my anxious eye,
Now pondering past and future,
Reveal—
Ah you come—but not from thence—
—I see you from above
Gliding with empyrean spirits down,
Beauteous and lovely—
Where's your funereal robe?
Your shroud? your coffin?
Dwell they in the grave?
And you with Heav'nly spirits now enjoy
Extatick pleasure and extatick bliss!
—Oh I ask no more—
There may I meet you—

Together then we'll rove thro' blissful sweets,
Together cull the flow'rs of Heaven
And with ambrosial odors shower our brows—
A harp I'll sieze and Halleluiahs yet unsung,
Then with you sweep the vast, the bliss profound
And praise forever—

A NIGHT SCENE.

'TWAS near the Sun's declining hour,
When twilight dews prepare to shed,
From Nature's cooler ev'ning bow'r,
Their fragrant riches o'er our head:

I wander'd forth mid verdant meads,
Where summer smiles bedeck'd the scene,
Those pleasant smiles whose beauty leads
Our thoughts beyond the deep serene.

I rov'd, the thought of Heav'n was nigh!
Where life its' wildering mazes ends,
If man will seek beneath the sky,
That grace a Saviour kindly sends;

Blest thought, it op'd the azure gates—
Most glorious visions roll'd to view
Of those, whose happy pleasure waits,
Round him so holy, just and true:

But ah, my murmurings return'd,
And fix'd their view on mortal scenes;
My breast with anxious ardor burn'd
To leap the time that intervenes:

Yes, sad I mourn'd the ling'ring years,
They pass so slowly to their goal;
I long'd to banish present fears,
To have the moment onward roll,

When mid yon host of blissful joys,
I might a Saviour's smile receive,
Might raise that song which sweet employs,
Those who have, happy, ceas'd to grieve.

I fear'd, lest, mid this wayward world,
Where sin's temptations plenteous lie,
Where Satan's banner's dark-unfurl'd,
And man, deluded, hastes to die;

I might some deadly wound endure,
Would mar my hopes of Heav'nly bliss;

Some sin commit beyond a cure,
And lose, in pain, a Saviour's kiss.

But 'twas fear only made me mourn,
Not from the Heavens the murmur came,
For grace will ne'er above return,
Our GOD will alway live the same.

Soon this, in mind, by faith, I saw,
My thoughts again return'd above,
Whence, spite of sins forbidding law,
Some light will shew our Saviour's love.

Oh Saviour ! who would change thy love,
For thrice ten thousand worlds in one !
To be a heathen nation's Jove—
Or reign supreme mid stars alone !

Again the portals op'd to view,
Again the blissful joys appear'd,
Where happy Halleluiahs flew,
From thrones around the arches rear'd.

Soon, from our God, a smiling band,
Glided along the glorious scene,
Through hosts that seem'd to long command,
To join them down the deep serene.

They flew in waving order bright,
And through the chrystal portals flow'd,
Then, mid the orbs of burning light,
Down toward the sphere on which I stood.

And now, astonish'd, first I saw,
A gliding band in nether sky,
They hasted not, but rather drew,
To earth, than mounted up on high.

Waiting, they hail'd their coming friends,
Then glanc'd a parting look below,
—So sweet—so soft—such mercy sends,
—Such love it beam'd as angels show!

Then these to Heaven their flight direct:
Those bent their floating pinions low:

These from our God a smile expect :
Those fly to guard the scenes below.

Now as the night its shadows drew,
The scatter'd glories plain I saw,
Mingling among the darkness, new,
Uncommon light, 'gainst nature's law.

Mostly they seem'd to hover o'er,
Those seats whence constant pray'r arose ;
Increasing watchfulness the more,
The more they mark'd the coming foes.

For soon within their light I view'd,
Some dusky forms would oft appear :
—Their flight as often was renew'd,
As often as they dar'd draw near.

These happy spirits, smiling, guard,
And frequently with love they'd look,
Upon the sleeping countenance, though marr'd
And injur'd in this sinful nook :

That most where resignation held its way,
And faith and hope their frequent lines had drawn,
Where feature mark'd the moving mental ray,
That bent its view beyond the azure lawn.

Thus pass'd the night, the morning Sun
Rose glorious to his accustom'd way,
My heart, from doubts and darkness won,
With praises hail'd the coming day.

JOY.

JOY beams upon my sight,
Like a vision of the night;
Like the star that softly shines,
And its silver ray entwines,
Round the visual orb at sea,
When the mariner, like me,
"Lost in clouds, in tempests tost,".
Anxious hopes some friendly coast,
Which shall calm and shelter give,
Where he peacefully may live:
But the coast that I have found,
Is not common earthly ground;
His is mortal, mine's eternal,
His is barren, mine is Heaven!

ROZANNA.

ROZANNA wander'd o'er the wild,
With hope and heart forlorn,
Misfortunes lone, neglected child,
And seem'd as made to mourn.

Her cheek was pale, her eye was wan,
Dull sorrow held her brow,
With care and grief her soul was torn,
—She'd heard a broken vow.

Her tender years a lover knew,
Who seem'd devoid of guile,
With heart, as bland as morning dew,
Estrang'd from every wile :

And oft they wander'd down the maze,
Where flow'ry nature spread,
And oft they shrunk from idle gaze,
Within the willow's shade :

The future flow'd before her eye
A gay and happy scene,
Like azure of the ev'ning sky,
Or like the meadows green.

But viler than the viper's fang,
Was Henry's villain heart,
And deadlier than fell slander's slang,
His treach'rous wily art.

The lovely, cherish'd, future scene,
He chang'd to desert wild,
And now—she wanders o'er the green,
Misfortune's lonely child.

" But maiden ! dry the falling tear,
" And raise that humble eye.
" Repentance drives away your fear,
" And hope from Heav'n is nigh.

" See mercy, floating, downward glide,
" While love assists its way,
" Divinest joys their course betide—
"—They ope the fount of day.

" But—Henry—mark his bitter pangs!
" His heart with pain is torn;
" A scorpion sharpens there its fangs—
" 'Tis he has cause to mourn.

" Then pray for him, while you forgive,
" And pray in accents mild,
" That he—while yet repentance lives,
" Become its humble child."

RELIGION.

SOFT as azure, clear as May,
Tender as the woodland dove ;
Milder than the ev'ning ray,
Lovely as the purest love :

Comfort-bearing, soul-delighting,
Kind in care and sweet in woe ;
Than the morning, more inviting,
To the soul that's humbled low :

Like the azure shedding pleasure
O'er the eye of constant view,
So from the treasure without measure,
This delights the soul that's true :

As the dew drop, from the tree top,
In the breeze of morning air,
So does true hope, from above drop,
On the pious humble pray'r :

As the fountain, by the mountain,
To the traveller that's worn,
As the meeting, and the greeting,
After long desir'd return,
Is the treasure, shedding pleasure,
And the treasure, without measure,
Soft from Jesus flows.

'TIS MAY.

O'ER fields of green the flocks are spread,
The oak extends its sylvan shade,
The root puts forth its tender blade
And says 'tis May.

The garden smiles with various flowr's,
Gay mantling round its shading bow'rs,
Prepar'd for summer's noontide hours;
All say 'tis May.

See yonder cloud in waves descending,
Softly amidst the drops are blending,
The vapors each to each are lending,
For it is May.

This landscape joy delightful raises,
Then let our thankful, grateful praises,
In Halleluiah's happy mazes,
Declare 'tis May.

MONSIEUR DE BUFFON, rather than acknowledge the truth of Revelation, supposes a Comet, in its passage through the Heavens to have struck off part of the Sun, which part became the globe we now inhabit. I have merely attempted a paraphrase of his idea. This is done with respect for the talents of Mons. De B. but detestation of his principles.

MONS. DE BUFFON'S COMET.

"TIR'D of long slumbering, I, this instant, resolution take,
"To launch within yon vastly seeming space,
"And play awhile—Now ye trivial orbs
"That glitter round—be peaceful!
"Or I'll give you such a whisk
"Shall change your motions—
"My mighty self will move obey'd,
"And not a Sun that beams
"Shall dare to whisper aye where'er I come!!!"
So mus'd the fiery monster,
And uprising, shook his bristling rays,
With crackling horrible—

Then onward—slowly roll'd—
Careful at first, as if he'd contemplate
This part of ether ere he view'd another.—
—Distant, the planets bow'd—
Trembling with terror ! !
Comparing less with great—it was—
As if the mass volcanick, in one orb combin'd,
Was moving o'er the deep—
—The ships, affrighted,
Bury in the wave—or fly afar—
For, nor order was among the wandering worlds,
Nor thought except for safety—
Each for himself was shifting—
While the Comet, like to a king of Goths, pass'd on,
Sedate and horrible ! !—
But 'twas ordain'd (by whom no matter)
That the monster dire should find one churl,
Dar'd vex him.—Soon he felt a force,
Which, on himself strong link'd, was dragging faster.
—Rous'd to rage—he flam'd—
But all in vain—the force still drew him

And increas'd—At length,
Gazing intensely round, he saw its cause,
Then roar'd—"AUDACIOUS SUN—NOW VENGEANCE!"
Swift he flew, his pow'rs condensing,
While he fierce exclaim'd
"Too oft hast thou insulted calm forgiving Comets,
"I'll repay"—then rush'd with horror—
—Down part of the forlorn offender fell
Blazing to Chaos.—
The Sun retreated,* but the wily Comet
Caught with his tail the poor disrupted limb,
Its burning quench'd, and form'd it to an orb—
Which, round the discomfited body
He set volving——
—And there, in an unceasing whirl,
Must this poor sufferer move,
Till times shall clog each others wheels
And ruin sweep the whole—

* *Why may not the distance of the Sun's center from that of the system be attributed to this cause.*

—Then Chaos, surcharg'd with the scattering fall,
May call up darkness, night, and sterling anarchy,
To consultation hold, and Comets form—
Those Comets, ministers,
To sweep the depth of the intense abyss,
And conjure Planets, Suns, and Worlds to being—
And, the dark womb, disgorging,
Heave them all to birth—
But so our Earth was form'd ! !

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

THE MOON.

'TIS said that the Comet that formed our Earth,
By tumbling it out of the Sun,
Once, finding of better employment a dearth,
A youngerly orbit begun,

'Twas when he'd departed from fighting the Sun,
And left him to murmur and mourn;
The race of his direful amusement was run,
And home he began to return.

Perchance, he along the same road was returning
Where he'd left the newly form'd Earth,
Himself in the blaze of his anger still burning,
But half way disposed for mirth.

Our globe was alarm'd as she saw him approach,
And trembled to such a degree,

Cohesion all over her surface was lost,
And fragments from gravity freed.

These, glad from attraction to find themselves loose,
Scamper'd off in the neighbouring air ;
There ranging and racing wherever they chose,
They stopp'd not to think of the fare.

The Comet came on, and stood laughing awhile,
To see the mock Chaos at play,
Then catching the fragments at once with a smile,
In an orb they presently lay.

This orb he completed and render'd compact,
With figures engraven thereon :
A man there was seen with a tree on his back,
Or—a fowler discharging his gun.

Some masks next he gave it of diff 'rent hues,
And diff 'rent shapes too I ween ;—
With pow'r to perplex crazing man with its views,
As often to this day is seen.

Then he toss'd it about the Earth with a whirl,
Which fix'd it in pathway secure,
That multiplied movement might perplex the churl,
Who had dar'd to insult him before.

This done, he departed, no longer to roam,
And, sated with vengeance, mov'd off to his home.

Suppose this be true—may not mortals expect,
In time perhaps shortly to come,
The wandering Comet more vengeance may wreak,
And make a new Greenlanders home!*

Nor with that contented, be coming again,
And often and often and more,
New moons to condense—till the number shall gain,
Beyond calculation's best power.

* *The Greenlanders suppose departing souls to stop the first night at the Moon.*

And the last, of the subtilest atoms the home,
Be a *pretty moon, little and neat.*
Which, falling, perchance, to our earth, may become,
For children a play thing complete !

LET us guess out a description of the may-be-supposed dwelling of this wonder-working Comet.

THE COMET'S PALACE.

'TWAS wide as the roll of Homerian eye,
When fancy was waking and warm :
'Twas vast as the ken of the spirits that fly,
In the blaze of the torridal storm.

In the center was placed a couch, whose extent
Would cover some worlds thinly spread :

Above, hung a myriad of Suns, with intent,
To keep off each atom of shade.

On one side a mirror shone brilliant and clear,
Of the lustre of diamonds made—
—'Twas fashion'd by Vulcan, who trembled with fear,
As brightness to brightness he laid.

O'er all swung an arch of platina compact,
But so distant 'twas scarce to be seen—
—The heat of the Sun's roving winds kept aback
That wander'd through spaceway between.

Stern pillars that cast back the gleam of the flames,
Hung pending from roof to the floor:
The tops of platina—my fancy it tames,
To tell of the parts that were lower.

But I will not be beaten—They're fashion'd of hearts,
Collected from worlds that are gone,

O'er which black Ingratitude wielded her arts,
And dens'd them to essence of stone.

Those pillars that hung from the arch through the Suns,
Colonnading the dwelling around,
Sunk each in a billow of tempests and storms,
Such as roar under Ætnean ground.

From one to another the distance was vast,
Where Planets in numbers might lie,
As trembling they waited, ere levee was past,
A glance of the horrible eye.

The floor—the intense of the essence of stone,
With brilliancy's layers inlaid.
Like some millions of midnights' clear starlight it shone,
For diamonds but temper'd the shade.

Underneath the wide couch volcanoes belch'd flames,
The slumbering Monarch to warm.——

Some thousand times thousands Stromboleau names,
Might there be applied without harm.

A sea of clear lava, with horrible waves,
Stood boiling and billowing near,
In this the tir'd monster with frequency laves,
And of coolness dispels every fear.

His clothing hung near—his robe of dense heat,
Brocaded with terrors around,
And whate'er could render the Monarch compleat,
In beauty or horror, was found.

Fine flames were his laces; each jewel, a ray,
Tissued round with the twinklings of morn,
When Sol at a distance announces the day,
By a wave of his silvery horn.

High over the couch in the center was seen,
The bauble to majesty dear,

With chrystals emboss'd on an emerald green,
—A throne, like the mobile* clear.

Pure clouds of the liquid of glass flow'd above,
As clear as the azury way——
These warmed the sunbeams—the monster king lov'd,
A canopy heating the ray.

A thundery wand was his scepter of state;
This he wielded, but plainly with pain,
For anxious he seem'd for the moment to wait,
When rest might relieve him again.

A parchment was hung (of conscience 'twas made)
Attach'd to the gorgeous throne—
The writing was dark as the deadliest shade,
—'Twas open to every one.

* *Primum mobile.*

With night it was seal'd—with a besom 'twas sign'd—
And Ruin—the pow'r it engaged——
—The consideration was hidden behind,
But firmly was Ruin engag'd.

(Perhaps, in some moment hereafter to come,
The Comet with Palace must fall,
Adown the dire gorge of dark Ruin to roam,
While a besom shall sweep away all.)

"If Planet or Orbit—their duty neglect,
"Or homage due carelessly pay,
"In an instant is Ruin fierce vengeance to wreak,
"And tear them from being away.

"The skeleton'd orbs to the king to be brought,
"To enkindle the menial flame,
"Thrown down as vile lumber they're wholly forgot.
"Or burn'd and destroy'd without name."

What servants did live there I will not inform,
But sure I can tell you what may,—

—The spirit that rides in the torridal storm,
And the man that's neglected his day.

Tornadoes and hurricanes sounding and strong,
Swept the blaze of the Palace—domain,
Defining, as roaring and rousing along,
Each object, distinctly and plain——

But Fancy ! sufficiently long have we wove,
This web of a tissue so strange,
A path that's less blazing our leisure may love,
Then come from the Comet we'll range.

SONG.

IN rooms of state let those recline,
Who luxury love and shew,
But be the simple mansion mine,
Where calm delight may flow:

There, happily, contentedly,
I'd live and envy none,
From luxury and care free,
And known to joy alone.

This simple home, a structure neat,
In situation rural,
Where order may with neatness meet,
And graces—surely plural:

Here morning and ev'ning,
I'd pay my duteous song,
With praising and praying,
To whom our vows belong.

A friend should share my every care,
With tenderness and pleasure,

And I to her could do no more,
But be an earthly treasure:

Of smiling and crying
We'd bear an equal part,
Still hourly employing
The graces of the heart.

Then be the simple mansion mine,
In situation rural,
Where order, neatness, may combine
With graces, surely plural.

Here morning and ev'ning,
I'd pay my duteous song,
With praising and praying,
To whom our vows belong.

SONG.

WEAVE me a garland of buds of the spri ng,
Of roses, carnations, and violets blue ;
Let them be op'ning, blooming, and breathing,
Let the tip of each bud be dampen'd with dew :

Entwine them with leaves, but remove every thorn :
Now make a bouquet at which Flora might smile :
—Come give them, I'll take them, and haste o'er the lawn
To Myra—whose heart is a stranger to guile.

Do you see yonder cottage so pleasantly set,
That looks like a neat little flow'r in the vale ?
'Tis there that my Myra and I oft have met ;
'Tis there she has listen'd and smil'd at my tale !

Her heart is as bland as the dew of the morn,
Her eye is no stranger to sympathy's tear—
—Then give me the garland entwin'd without thorn,
Come give it, I'll haste to the friend that's so dear.

One ev'ning we wander'd alone in the vale,
The zephyrs were breathing most softly along,
The clouds lightly spread on the beam seem'd to sail,
And Cynthia listen'd to Philomel's song;

"Ah see!" then she said, with her heart in her eye,
"How sweetly all nature is smiling around—
"I feel, oh I know, there's a God in the sky,
"And one will not leave our souls in the ground!

"My Father!" she cried, while I wept with delight;
"Oh guard us and guide in this valley of change,
"Be with us by day and preserve us each night,
"And soon with thine angels above may we range.

"Thou seest our youth, thou knowest our fears;
"The dangers that wait are not hidden from thee;
"Oh save us from folly, from sin, and from tears;
"In virtue preserve us, and Innocence free!

"Receive to thyself when our journey is o'er,
"And place us above those stars of the night!

:e is our hope, we murmur no more,
hou wilt receive us to mansions of light!"

ive me the garland, and give the bouquet,
: her, watch o'er her, and guard while I live;
Saviour commend her at deaths parting day,
ıst, soon, in Heaven, new greeting to give.

EXTERNAL BEAUTY.

'TIS evanescent as a dream;
'Tis light and tenuis as the air;
'Tis fleeting as the gliding stream;
Tho' we may call it wond'rous fair:
We've scarcely time to call it fair,
Before 'tis flown no more to come;
'Tis like the bird that flits the air,
Which straight is gone elsewhere to roam.
Then gather richer peace of mind,
This treasure, when you gain, you'll prize;
For, not to earthly scenes confin'd,
It looks to dwell beyond the skies.

THE TREASURE.

richer than the fragrant gale,
' that Arabia's sweetness bear,
India's spices, that exhale
ir odors to the balmy air:

sweeter than the hillock side,
' verdure smile its beauty there,
silver stream with pebbly glide,
ly and slow is murmuring near:

better than the morning song
raise delight, tho' all the grove,
h every echo, flow along—
es,—all the choristers that rove:

softer than the twinkling star;
m Cynthia's beamlets floating clear;
m azure, gleaming from afar,
)' light from milky way it bear:

'Tis better than the wealth that flows,
From India to the Southern pole,
Tho' all beneath the earth that glows,
With all above, its riches roll:

Before the blast from trump of fame,
This rich possession I would chuse,
Tho' mounting on the burning beam,
To darkest, deepest night it go:

Give me a throne on Andes rais'd—
—A sceptre o'er the world I'd wield,
—Then, to gain this so justly prais'd;
I'd joyful fly to glean the field:

Let friendship and affection twine
Their finest fibres round my heart,
With all the joys, let these combine,
They ever knew, I'd with them part:

Yet there's a gem—*the cottage pure,*
Where calm contentment peaceful dwells—

But e'en before this I'd prefer,
The treasure that my bosom tells.

'Tis richer than the vault of Heav'n,
'Tis richer than the gems that shine,
With diamonds glowing morn and even,
Around the fair celestial shrine

And, Oh my *God*! what is this treasure,
Whose riches so surpass all measure?
Oh *God*!—what is it—but thy smile!!

THE GEM.

HOW sad and slow the moments fly,
When illness lingers on their wing !
When happy—they glide lightly by,
Like pebble from an urchen's sling.

Has not, to equalize their flight,
Kind Heaven some treasure lent ?
Some gem to cheer affliction's night ?
Why, yes—and what is it—Content !

MALICE.

IS heart is Hell, where all the passions rage ;
is mind is Chaos, where confusion dwells ;
is body is the vast abyss of evil,
)mbining possibility with probable,
ıd probable with certainty :—
the deep of depths,
here horrors brood, and blackness ruminates,
e rolls——and, from his hollow den,
)oks out, and scowls at happiness !
ain would he, down the gorge of ruin,
umble the vault of Heaven—
ut he is weak.—
he vengeance of a God is arm'd against him,
nd, his just punishment,
'ill drag a whole eternity in train !

ENVY.

THEN little limping ENVY came,
And *squeaking cried out, "I am something too,"*
—Bearing a load of causes and conclusions ;
With both hands full of may be's and perhapses :
Her eye was cast askance,
And look'd, with such suspicious meaning,
As if 'twould say—" can that be so !"
She wore a mirror that reflected inward,
And, curious wrought, look'd outward too ;
This told her all the good that pass'd,
Which pleas'd her so—*it kept her writhing*
Like a black viper struggling to get free.
Then on her head she had a mirror diadem ;
Round this she kept a host of atom sprites,
Who, when they saw an aught of evil
Happening in the world,
Ran instant to her lacerated side,
Which entering, in her hollow heart they leap'd,
And there they joy'd so mightily,
As if they'd tear her very vitals up ! !

DISSIPATION.

I'VE seen the rose its sweets unfold,
I've seen the blossom fragrance shed,
The vi'let blue, the marigold,
The flower that's born when noon has fled :

These have I seen, and heav'd a sigh,
To see them lost in wintry snows ;
I've felt a joy to see them nigh,
When spring its earliest zephyrs blows :

Soon fled, soon gone, but soon return'd ;
Still living, though in wintry snows ;
For hope preserves, by mem'ry learn'd,
To haste the time the zephyr blows :

I've seen the youth with pleasure thrilling,
I've seen him fair as early rose,
His cheek with smiles of rapture filling,
For life on innocence repos'd :

These have I seen, and heav'd a sigh,
To see them lost in ruins urn,
But felt no joy to see them nigh,
For never, never, comes return!

I've seen the eye of haggard pain,
I've seen the hand with trembling move,
I've seen—but Oh —look not again—
For that's the cheek I once did love!

The rose leaf falls, but soon returns,
The vi'let's hue by hope may live—
Affection's smile in mem'ry burns,
And soon the spring will zephyr give;

But ah! when once fair virtue 's fled,
By damning dissipation driven,
Almost as soon may wake the dead,
As have the same dear treasure given:

Who shall restore the bosom's calm?
Who the bland spirits back recal?

Who shall new nerve the trembling arm ?
Who give the mind its strength, its all ?

Dead to affection's nicer tie !
The germ of noble action lost !
Buried and cold the feelings lie !
And Hope's bland prospects—all forgot !

Ah, who will give for pleasures vile,
Hope, health, and happiness away !
To passions which, destroying, smile,
The calm sweet sunshine of eternal day !

True, mercy stoops from Heaven to save,
Though man be sunk almost to woe ;
But 's soon almost may wake the grave,
As him, whom vice has cast thus low.

Fly then the syren's chanting voice !
Be far from where false pleasure smiles !
In youth, let Heaven be your choice,
And happiness will the way beguile !

INGRATITUDE.

GO rummage the intense of density,
Seek out the essence of stern adamant,
And see, if, than the ungrateful heart,
An harder can be found ! !——
Around it pours profuse of blessings,
Kindness sheds its sweets for that to taste,
And every passage of an instant shews,
Some dear delight enjoy'd :—
Yet never does it think on him who gives !
Yet never does it praise for good it shares !
—Ah, such ingrates ! !——
See the songster race
Pour forth a living flood of grateful praise,
And scale the azure tuning duteous airs—
But man—he battens in the midst of good,
And, like a senseless clod,
Rolls him along nor has one thought of praise.
Mercy too—mercy that's infinite,
(But leagu'd with Justice,)

Calls on him from her high domain,
And paints with seraph beam the way to glory,
—While he—*just careless eyes*—
Then, on the plodding, dull, employs of sense,
Chains his attention—
Oh! should some angel, just from Creation sprung,
Be plac'd in nether sky—and mark our race,
He'd say we were but creatures of the clod,
Born but to breathe, and breathing but to die!
Shall man then murmur at a "*God* in arms,"
When the stern vengeance of unappeas'd justice
Thunders its terrors!!——
Come nigh this instant and the mercy taste
Is freely offer'd—but, if procrastration,
Like a mildew, sieze thy wav'ring hopes,
—When judgment comes—be silent as the grave—

DESIRES AFTER HEAVEN.

OH Saviour give my longing vision,
Sight of extacies divine !
Shew the gems of love's creation,
Let their rays around me twine !

Mercy beaming too with mildness,
Innocence and virtue dear,
Thought and reason void of wildness,
Beauty like the diamond clear.

Clear from all that's sense or mortal,
Clear from bitterness and pain :
—Happy founts of bliss and glory,
Where who drink will drink again.

Ha ! I see them joyful gliding,
Mingling sweets of Heav'nly song.
Halleluiah is its burden—
Halleluiah flows along—

There mid fields of bliss you rove,
Ye Redeem'd and freed from pain,
Happiness the op'ning grove,——
Dews of life and joy, the rain !

A BOOK NEGLECTED.

I'VE seen a book somewhere I know,
That look'd as if 'twas kept for show ;
'Twas nice and clean, and not an edge,
But shone as bright as golden wedge ;
The leaves unlike to those at school
Which masters scarce preserve by *rule :*
And cover too—without a scratch—
Almost with looking-glass 'twould match :
And what was't pray, that they where able
To keep so pure ?— why friend—a *Bible.*

THE LINNETS.

HOW oft instruction pure is hid
In nature, which, did passion bid,
We'd strive with ardor to obtain,
Thinking possession richest gain.
And shall there nought but passion guide,
Along life's dang'rous, treach'rous tide !
May not that pleasure reason weds,
Which Heav'nly virtue ne'er forbids,
Some part of our attention claim !
If so, let wisdom be our aim.——
Wisdom is ours if we but will,
Her precepts murmur in the rill,
Along the vale they flow at ease,
Through groves, by fountains grown with trees ;
On breezes borne they whisper round,
And even dont despise the ground ;
Or, if from earthly scenes asunder,
Our vision higher loves to wander,
We find them mingled with the gleam

Of morning and of ev'ning beam;
Flowing from Sol's meridian height,
From Cynthia's milder glow at night:
Among the stars they twinkling rove,
As well as wander in the grove.

Their flock, a little linnet pair,
Was fitting to attempt the air.
With parent hearts they also strove
(Combining both in mutual love,)
Advice to fix in tender mind,
Impressions best for good design'd;
That they might happy sail along
Amid the various feather'd throng,
And sing harmoniously the while,
Shunning those dangers that beguile
So many from the happy course,
By dint of strong temptation's force.

The father thus advice began,
Such as would well become a man,
"My youthful sons," he anxious said,

" When mid the leaves my head is laid,
" And you are flying round the groves,
" In all the warmth of early loves,
" Remember what I now impress,
" And be your sum of evils less."

" Many your friendship will invite,
" When first you enter on the sight
" Of scenes, so oft pourtray'd to you,
" As if with constancy most true,
" They meant your active friends to live,
" And every joy they could to give :
" But pause before your bosom first
" Receives e'en one to friendly trust,—
" Examine well if fruits as fair
" As their pretensions, actions bear.

" For some of those who smile so well,
" As if a heart of love they'd tell,
" Would only your best hopes destroy,
" And make you fall a playful toy,
" For their own malice : these, on earth,

" But few you'll find, of mortal birth !

" Some others would your friendship gain,
" By bowing, cringing, humble mien—
" Those always watch, they're flatterers, who
" Can never be accounted true."

" Then more, by far a greater number,
" With your suspicions lull'd to slumber,
" Would half way friendly to you prove,
" And act with tolerable love—
" While all their meaning is (told true)
" *Themselves to nicely serve thro' you !*
" These too you'll watch, but value them,
" So far as they may stedfast seem
" After due trial, none despise,
" Because one fault they have, but eyes
" And reason too you well will use,
" That they sha'nt injure if they chuse.

" But yet of birds a happier kind,
" True to their friendly smiles you'll find,
" Will always prove a treasure good,

" As to its vale the passing flood.
" They'll mark your faults (for faults you'll have
" As certain as you'll have a grave :)
" And to yourselves with good intent,
" Your dangers they will shew, and vent,
" Not malice, but a just concern,
" Lest you in pain experience learn.
" Yes, tho' they're sure themselves to harm,
" They'll give you timely good alarm,
" That you may leave the erring course,
" And shun temptation's fatal force :
" When these you find, you'll hold their love,
" More precious than the blossom'd grove.
" They'll keep you in the happy way,
" And cause you many a smiling day.

" Cringe to no bird that wings the air,
" Tho' like the hawk he death prepare ;
" But modestly respect you'll pay
" To your superiors in the way,
" And every one, with aspect mild
" Regard, and mark the humble child

" Of sad misfortune or of pain,
" Nor haughty wing along the plain,
" But do him all the good you can."

This done, the mother quick began,
And in the same fair courses ran
The pleasant stream of good advice,
Unto her daughters, shewing nice
The guidance of each word almost,
Tho' true to females there's a host.

" You too will enter on a scene
" Entirely new, a pleasing green
" 'Twill seem, with flowers profuse,
" And gaieties from pleasure loose ;
" But have a care ! for I'll betide
" The dangers threat'ning, none beside
" So much I fear, to evil true,
" As those that will attempt on you."

" You too while you continue young.
" Will meet with many a balsam tongue,
" Will proffer friendship, talk of love,

" And hover round you in the grove,
" With plumage gay perhaps and pretty,
" And voice and song that's always witty;
" They'll flatter, call your singing sweet,
" And beauty such they seldom meet:
" These lighter than the gnat esteem,
" More worthless than the airy gleam
" Of insects, wandering at night,
" That scatter forth a transient light;
" Distrust them, they would do you harm,
" Then be not slow to take alarm.
" But if a youth sincere you spy,
" Affection beaming in his eye,
" Who ne'er descends to low discourse;
" But best is pleas'd with virtue's course,
" Modest—observing, if you view
" Him always delicately true,
" Should he then softly talk of love,
" Of chusing out the matron grove—
" Accept him—tho' gay flutterer's eyes
" May hardly notice "there he flies;"
" With him from all the world beside,

" Safe may you seek some streamlet's glide,
" There happily your days will pass,
" And death destroy their sweets at last.
" Each morn and eve will find his love,
" Constant and true as breeze to grove.

" But even such ne'er seek to find,
" With conduct wandering as the wind :
" To hunt out love with roving eyes,
" And lovers make—Despise !—
" Retire, and modest sail along
" Amid the pleasing, youthful throng :
" Be social, but your friendships seek
" 'Mong those who oft can blandly speak,
" Nor ever strive to gain a cringe,
" From vanity, always on hinge,
" Or pride that swells as it would fail
" To find an equal in the dale ;
" Each one regard with aspect mild
" Especially misfortune's child,
" This seek, and make its nest more warm,
" Help it to leave approaching harm,

" Mid storms and winds its food prepare,
" Bring blossoms fragrant from the air,
" Nor to console its griefs forbear."

They said, then sung a tuneful note,
And left their praise in air to float :
It glided not unseen among
The breezes that then flow'd along ;
—A gentle spirit came,
And seiz'd it as a golden gleam—
It rose—he bore it up on high,
Where whisp'ring breezes never fly—
—It flow'd amid the golden zone,
With incense mingling round the throne,
Nor pass'd unheeded by the eye
Of HIM who guides the measur'd sky—
—He saw it— an enlight'ning ray
Swift flew, and shone around the pair.
The young perceiv'd the golden glow,
At once their notes began to flow,
They sung of good in air that glides,
The sweets that virtue still betides—

Their praises float in nether sky—
They sung until they rose on high—
Charm'd with the softly sylvan measure,
The parents sunk to rest together.

COMING NIGHT.

NIGHT draws its gathering clouds,
And these, commingling into blackness,
Fill the air—Now who knows
(Of mortals) this dense to dissipate!
Who among us men has power
To tear the darkness from the skies,
And shew the face of day——
To Newton, Plato add, with all the host
Of geniuses this world has ever known,
——They're weak—

'Tis infinite alone can light the morn !
'Tis infinite alone can cheer the heart !
Then why this infinite forget—
Trifles have our care,
And but to catch a bubble we will spend a life—
—Ah should this infinite,
This GOD, an instant sleep—
—The tottering worlds would fall
And down to chaos drag
A horrible confusion ! !

SIN FORGIVEN.

SWEET are the visions of the eve,
That float in Fancy's eye ;
And sweet the hour when troubles leave,
When dark afflictions fly ;

But sweeter still the joy that flows,
From sin forgot, forgiv'n,
'Tis sweet the peace the sinner knows,
Whose hopes are rais'd to Heaven.

Oh may the lot of him be mine,
Whose sins are all forgiven,
For whom the joys delightful shine
The peace that flows from Heav'n.

PASSION OR RAGE.

'TIS when the storm of passion 's past,
And reason mounts again her seat,
We mourn the fatal wrecking blast
But ah—too late—we cant retreat.

Our friends we wound—although their love,
Is held more dear to us than life :—
Through sweets of happiness we rove,
And slay them in the warring strife.

Ah Passion ! Demons' blackest power !
'Tis thou when Happiness is high,
And hope expanding, in one hour,
Bring'st death or desolation nigh :

Thou seest the cup anticipation brings,
Where pleasure, tho' in length'ning prospect, smiles,
Thy bosom rankles forth its fellest strings,
Thou dashest it away—then seekest Hell's defiles.

Think then the mortal that thou leav'st behind,
With all thy consequences o'er him hung—
—Remorse her scorpions round his heart entwines,
And bitter groans are burning on his tongue.

Then curb, Oh man! this dark usurper's pow'r,
When first within, he direfully assails,
Tho' milder than the insect of an hour,
He would beguile you with bewitching tales.

More forms than Proteus can his art assume;
More lies than Rumour's Centum ora tell—
—He'll couch at first beneath a borrow'd plume
That he may lead your captive souls to ill.

He'll come with Pride perhaps and hide his snakes,
Pride neatly varnish'd o'er as worldly fame—
Some chance is found—your happiness he breaks—
And Passion rises with his horrid gleam.

Then with the love of worldly wealth he'll come,
(These his companions all are plac'd in front)

The aiding fiend some broken right assumes,
And calls on Passion to defend his ground.

Next, Avarice aside, Ambition stalks
And Passion, fir'd to love, with him unites,
Together forth for ill the monsters walk,
Ambition leads and Passion for him fights.

'Tis in the drunkard's den—the viler haunt,
This demon rankles— there he sits—
When drunkenness and modern pleasure rage.
He rushes to the tumult—mid it pours
His poison, sheds his flames—
And, the consolidated desolation finish'd.
Back he skulks and hides from view!

THE ROBIN.

the field where the green 's mix'd with flowers,
: the leaflets that flow around bowers,
'e to admire a pleasant May morning,
Robin companion, th' Lark giving warning.

air gliding by me enrich'd with perfume,
. nature's prescription for sickness and gloom,
serene in th' azure unhurt by a cloud ;
. zephyrus whisp'ring, but scarcely aloud.

:, such a morn smiling, I hied me abroad,
Sun in the East yet, the dew scarcely trod ;
weetly the birds sung—it seem'd as delusion,
lantment's assistant, was shedding profusion.

who could have thought that man had a passion,
ld make him disturb these joys of creation,
painful, we taste the effects of the cause,
ch Eden once witness'd with sorrowful pause.

With those whose orisons pure were ascending,
Praises as purely a Robin was blending,
In sportive meanderings gliding around,
Brushing hasty the dew off, then leaving the ground.

So playfully sportive does innocence rove,
With gentleness, meek as the eye of the dove,
But he met with his fate—the arrow of death
Smote him—flutt'ring, striving, and panting for breath,

Ah ! instantly hush'd each melodious swell,
Music sweetly begun to sad stillness fell.
Fear started the songsters and scatter'd their flight ;
The orisons ceas'd—'twas silent as night.

A plaintive complaining now sadden'd my ear,
'Twas the partner, distracted, flown fearlessly near—
Despairing—she sat on a bough o'er my head—
Death flew—and she fell—by the side of the dead.

THE CONTRAST.

VICE I have seen in hideous mein ;
And virtue too in beauty :

'Tis fairer than the damask rose ;
'Tis viler than where Lethe flows :

'Tis brighter than the morning star ;
'Tis blacker than the brunt of war :

Enriching as the milky dew ;
More baneful than the Upas true :*

'Tis charming as the month of May ;
Forbidding as a demon fray :

Pleasant as Robins, and tender as doves :
Darker than midnight and bitter it proves :

* *The Bohan Upas, a tree known (at least in fable) for slaying every animal that comes within a short distance of it.*

Lovely as summer and smiling as spring:
Rougher than troubles which painfulness bring:

Mild as a lamb—light as a doe—
Stronger than tempests in scattering woe.

The cushat mourns his partner gone,
The monarch mourns his vanquish'd throne:
The lark in lea proclaims its fears,
Man for his first born mourns with tears.

No love so sweet as virtue dear:
And not like vice is any fear:

Then virtue I'd love thee;
There's nothing above thee;
But vice I'd abhor thee;
There's nothing below thee;
There's nothing above thee;
There's nothing below thee;
I'd know thee and love thee:
For worlds I'd not know thee:

Come like a vision of the morn,
Embodied and sincere ;
Come wake my soul at early dawn,
And shine at ev'ning clear :

Go like the demon of the storm,
The dark avenger dire,
Hide thee in malice's monster form,
And be imprison'd there.

THE CHRISTIAN AFFLICTED.

GOD, on high, beholds the pious man ;
He sees him buffet back the waves,
And smiles upon him—
Then with strength his own
Hastens to rescue—sudden the billows cease,
The tempest stills and airs of bliss flow round ;
The soul, rejoicing, rises in the calm,
And, looking upward, sees its GOD its friend.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

THE flower that smiles in morn of May,
The beam that cheers declining day,
The lambkin round its mother playing,
The village circle blithely haying,
Our hearts delight.

Thunders roaring, winds resounding,
Billows sea with sky confounding,
Earthquakes rumbling, Ætna flaming,
Storms from nature tribute claiming,
Our Souls affright.

Children, duteous, kind and loving,
Parents oft with smile approving,
Fond affection's glist'ning tear,
And Religion, treasure dear,
Far more delight.

Constant bickerings, quarrels, jars,
Frowning that enjoyment mars,

Bitter scolding, jars unfolding,
Thoughtlessly the moments rolling,
Far more affright.

MAN'S THOUGHTLESSNESS.

MOCK horrors scare us. Often does a dream
Call up the crazy shape of grisly terrors,
Which frighten and alarm,
And mad our reeling sense:
Thro' the dim distant gloom some eye seems peep.—
Mantled in thicker darkness direful anticks move,
And ghosts, with pale dull ghastliness—
Flit horrible along——
Such seemings scare us,
While the thoughts of Death, of Hell,
And Justice unappeas'd,
Roam wilder'd thro' our minds—like strangers—
Wondering how they came there.

THE BOOK.

THERE is a book, whose leaves are penn'd by truth,
Worth more to mortals than the world beside :
Its pow'rs divine—'twill guide our thoughtless youth,
Where else sure failure would its way betide.

How vast the wealth which here enclosed dwells,
More than this Earth with all Creation shews ;
Of prospects beauteous as the stars it tells,
And Hope, like floods of beaming light, from this one volume flows.

Open one page—a scene of Heaven you view,
Turn onward and it glows, increasing bright—
Till floods of glory—still attaining new,
Roll forth upon your wond'ring, ravish'd, sight.

Then visions from the deadly deep 'twill call ;
'Twill shew you Death, the progeny of sin,
'Twill state the horrors of one guilty fall,
And at the first rebellion dire begin.

will spread out Hell and tell you why prepar'd ;
will scatter Chaos' causes o'er your sight :
will shew you evil, and by whom 'twas made,
th the black horrors of dark brooding night.

e latent cause of suns and stars 'twill tell,
d why this orb is wheeling in its round,
w man, immortal, first came here to dwell,
whom was plac'd, and on what chosen ground.

vill shew you young Rebellion on the earth,
will shew him dragging down the race of man,
th monsters vile, of most perfidious birth,
ho smile to aid with all the strength they can.

will roll forth thunders as the due of sin—
will shew you Justice, flam'd with ready fires,
Then—from the dark abyss our souls to win,
u'll see mild mercy beaming her desires.

t stop—already is there drawn enough,
glooming darkness, horror and despair,

Some other scenes I'd pencil, pleasing proof—
That goodness more than vengeance habits there.

Behold—with wond'ring awe—a *God* from Heav'n—
Descending thro' the worlds admiring round!
Behold him milder than the lamb that's given,
With infant blood to strew the hallow'd ground!

Oh glorious now unfolds the brightest scene;—
Life, light, and love are floating o'er the page;—
Our thoughts are rais'd to the eternal green,
And mercy all divine our hearts engage.

He comes—all this that wond'rous volume shews
He comes—and mantled in a garb of clay—
He stands amid the careless eyes of those,
Who viler are than dust of beaten way.

A prey to Sin—he gave himself to Death—
—Ha! monster! didst not thou affrighted start,
Did not dank horror seize thy creeping breath,
When first thou raisedst up the Hellish dart!!

But, 'tis permitted—yes that body dwells,
In earth a season that vile man may live—
—Ten thousand seraph hosts can never tell,
The blessings *God* was pleas'd to man to give.

Victorious soon we see our Saviour rise,
Beaming more glorious from the hallow'd tomb—
Dispensing good, then to his native skies
Ascending, while the Heavens to meet him come.

See harps—see hosts—see Heav'n refulging gold—
Hear the melodious Halleluiahs flow—
Behold the gates of mercy wide unfold,
While Invitation smiles on us below.—

View then the portrait of the Judgment drawn!
Jesus descends in righteous Justice cloth'd—
See unbelievers, trembling and forlorn,
While saints arise and meet their father *God*.

Turn on—another page will ope to view,
Eternity, with ages, ages, moundering on,

The years, still rising, mingling, ever new,
'Till your tranc'd thought shall say the work is done,

For beaming mid the mingling years will flow,
Joy, bliss, and glory, brilliant more and more,
'Till the vast possible of Heav'n shall glow

* * * * * * *

Man's visions nought, our faith and hope may strive,
And, kindling at the particle they gain,
We may, with thankfulness, contented live,
While on this earth we can no more attain.

But when, from mortal free, the immortal mind,
Shall mount the vast extent of Heav'nly joys,
'Twill rise and rising full perception find,
Perception which a bliss divine employs.

Is this the book which we so careless eye,
While plodding on in Sin's inglorious way!
And does this on our shelves so constant lie,
When our whole term is as a summer's day!

tals when this manuel of the whole,
resent, and futurity, ye see,
sink down in apathy your souls,
procrastinating dullness flee !

p—awake—'tis not an idle tale !
of JEHOVAH bids beware !—
ds the secrets of your fate reveal !
you may be happy full declare !

NEGLECT OF PROVIDENCE.

WHEN the moss cover'd cottage we spy,
We think of the years that are past:
When the tow'r all ruin'd is nigh,
We tremble—and think of the blast.

Thus effects bring causes to view,
New acting in memory's sight,
And constant reflection renew,
In the mind not shrouded in night.

But reflection too often is staid,
When half way the cause is explor'd:
—We think of the cot in the glade,
And perchance we may think of its lord,

But how seldom we look at the skies
To find the prime cause, which is GOD;
Ay, rather than upward to rise,
We wander all over the clod.

We think of the tempest with pain,
And lay it to Nature forsooth,
But are cautious of thinking again,
For fear we may think of the truth.

We view the gay landscape with joy,
With forests and flocks sprinkled o'er,
And say—" this the seasons employ,
" 'Tis they are the cause and no more."

The mountain that laughs at the skies—
The valley depressed and vast—
" 'Tis nature that bade that to rise—"
" And nature the depth of this cast."

Our friends depart to the tomb--
—We weep and we sigh for a while
——" 'Tis some fell disease that has come,
(" But ourselves its pow'r shall beguile.")

Thus Providence warns us each hour,
While we her end still defeat:

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But we cannot thus mock at the pow'r
Of him we one day must meet.

JEHOVAH our thoughtlessness sees,
And strictly will bring it to light
When we cannot neglect as we please,
But must gaze, tho' we shrink at the sight.

THE PATH OF VIRTUE, OR OF THE VIRTUOUS CLERGYMAN.

THIS is the peaceful path I love.
'Tis like the blossom of the grove—
'Tis like the dew from Heav'n descends,
Which Providence in kindness lends ;
'Tis like the tear that softly flows
Down Pity's cheek for other's woes :
Sweet Peace from mercy gliding down,
Contentment richer than a crown,
To vice a stranger and the care
Tempestuous passion learns to fear—
Oh virtue, if we obey thy word,
What treasure wilt thou not afford !

PITY'S TEAR.

'TIS like the dropping of a noontide show'r,
When summer airs are floating o'er the hills :
'Tis like the softness of an ev'ning bow'r,
When May, from fragrant flow'rs, her sweets distils :

'Tis like the rill that murmurs down the glade :
The pebble kissing stream that smiles along :
'Tis like of spring the tender shooting blade :
The soothing sweetness of an ev'ning song :

'Tis like the note the Robin gently pours,
Mingl'd with thought of 's innocence so pure :
'Tis like the flow'r that smiles along the shores,
Where lisping waves their gentle currents moor.

'Tis like the beam of Cynthia's silver height :
Like the soft gleam of azure's milky way :
'Tis like Aurora sweet'ning morning light :
'Tis like the ev'ning of a well spent day :

Like the soft murmurs thro' the air that glide,
When Philomel his list'ning love regales :
'Tis like the green on verdant hillock's side :
'Tis like the floating of a fragrant gale.

'Tis like the balm the spicy blossom breathes :
Like the pure odor in the rose that dwells :
'Tis like the dew amid the vi'let leaves :
'Tis like the tale the beauteous infant tells.

And what is like ? the tear that softly flows
Down Pity's cheek at thought of other's woes.

MAN.

MAN is a creature of a curious mould :
The mass of motives, ends, and varying aims,
That seize his soul in diff'rent stations plac'd,
Is strangely heterogeneous and crude—
He needs some hand, some friendly hand, to guid
To teach him which to love and which t' repel ;
Without this, headlong as adown a steep,
He runs, as will or hasty whim may draw :
Thus, oft we've seen some one, whose mind was g
Ay, who the throng could grasp, and wield aroun
Turn all his various powers to making big
His little self—who, from on high, could view
The multitude of minor intellect,
And wave his banner o'er, and horde them all,
The lean low purpose of a narrow breast,
Alone has aided, and himself has made,
A purpled mite, instead of blessing thousands.
Behold the picture Europe rolls to view !
An empire of destruction : nature's ties,

Trod down by the strong foot of war,
And thousands rushing to untimely graves!
Mars his dogs has kennell'd; now his tigers rage!
India groans; in wild commotion raging,
Her sable millions slay their dearest joys.
Their kingdoms fall: a foreign foe,
With mercenary hand, usurps and rules.
Africk! thy woes are less'ning, but are great.
And o'er our realm the sullen silence reigns,
Which is before two floods of ruin rush,
Ycleped armies, to destruction dire.
"What is our world? Thy school O misery!"
Where bubbles rise, and men pursue—to death—
Illusions flit, and fill with rage—then die—
But heaps of slain attend them! This is man.
And thus he will be while he rules himself.
Let us then look to some one shall o'errule:
And who is that but GOD! He says thus far
To bold destruction's wave, and, the rich fount,
The overflowing fount of good, he holds:
'Tis he must mould our hearts and banish ill;
His smiles are balm, are peace, content, and bliss,

He looks abroad o'er all the little mass
Of man-like-atoms, and their changes turns
To his own glory, nor neglects their good.
E'en now—in these foretold tempestuous years,
War and young Chaos have not all our world;
Peace has some place; and mild religion, bland
As the airs of Heaven, her lovely sceptre
Sweetly sways o'er many: Her sweetness too
With strength combin'd begins t' exert; abroad
Her pow'r she spreads, and rouses forth her means.
See missions spreading like fair floods of light,
And reaching darkness' realms! See the hydra,
Sin, alarm'd, and satan, arch deceiver,
Driven to planning new revenge, more wiles,
If more he can—seats which he long, unhurt,
Had held, invaded; and kingdoms, slumb'ring
'Neath his leaden sway, rousing with vigor,
And seeking virtue in the paths of truth:
His foe walks forth, mildly majestick, firm
As adamant, and rules to instant peace,
Or breaks him in the battle. See his herd
Of infidels, of atheists, and fools;

Which were thro' lands of civilization spread,
Descending and descended to their graves,
While their vile tenets, proud, rebellious, false,
Serve but to point the sunbeams of their foe,
Which dissipate the darkness : greater light
Has come to all, and treasures, hidden long,
Flow forth to view : the days are hastening,
When the chained fiend, driv'n from earth, shall fall,
With all his aids, and ministers, and slaves,
Headlong and vanquish'd to th' impris'ning gulph,
There to eternize groans and pangs and sorrow.
In GOD then let us trust. If this we do,
With piety, he'll save us in the cloud
Of jarring atoms or of jarring worlds,
And lift our souls above, and place us safe,
Where Hell may frown and flattery smile in vain.

COMFORT.

THE hand that guides the joyous way,
Where youthful pleasure smiles ;
The dew that shines at early day,
When health the hour beguiles ;

Both treasures seem—but both are gone
When scarcely we've enjoy'd,
This by the Sun's embrace has flown ;
That is by death destroy'd :

But is there nought to cheer the sight ?
No star to gild the gloom ?
May not some blessing, beaming bright,
Illume beyond the tomb ?

Ah yes, there is a treasure dear,
Which mortals may obtain ;
A joy to dry the falling tear,
A balm to heal the pain :

Religion lights our scanty day,
And gilds beyond the tomb :
—'Tis this which cheers the dark'ning way,
And shines thro' years to come :

From Heav'n she came—her father, God—
A balm for woe she bears—
She points the way a saviour trod,
And drives afar our fears.

Man's feeble pen may sketch and sketch in vain—it is for the day itself to disclose its terrors—and (thanks to our dear Redeemer) its Joys.

JUDGMENT.

SOLEMN and sad a fun'ral musick floats,
And in deep tone of horror swells around :
Dark, o'er the black'ning canopy of Heav'n,
A sullen storm is gath'ring—Now it bursts—
It pours, and fury raves ! ! The mountains rise,
And rage with mingling horror : floods, forests,
Rocks, like whirlwinds fly, along th' astonish'd air
Hurling destruction. The deeps break up—
Dark Ruin tears the center of our system ;
A smile malignantly beglooms his brow—
See him shake old earth's foundations ! see him
Take the Sun, and scatter it in fragments
Thro' the air—While the once distant planets,
Clanging together, dash confusion round—
Th' Stars too rush—'Tis Chaos in wild uproar.
Hark !—Thro' the direful fragor sounds—" *Time wa*

Now beams from Heaven a blissful glory:
Celestial bands appear—seraphs, cherubs,
Sweep on their harps melodiously, "Adore!"
He comes—'Tis GOD—'Tis JESUS triumphant,
A smile attracts his saints—swift, they meet him,
And his open arm receives and blesses.
Oh happy glorious nuptial, Hail!—But mark!
Heav'n's officers are sent—They gather
From the wide commotion, poor lost wretches,
Sinners, now bereft of hope—How they call
On rocks and hills to hide them! rocks and hills
Are flying, they've no place.—

Now, all prepar'd,
The Judgment is—JEHOVAH-JESUS sits!
Behold him smile—he speaks—with voice as sweet
As the harmonious flow of angel tongues
When pure celestial song enraptures Heav'n.
"Come to my Father, ye whom I've redeem'd,
"Ye who believ'd—who in me have trusted!
"Me have ye fed—have cloth'd—Good ye to mine
"Have minister'd, and that's to me"—But, now

Look !—See him frown ! ! The self condemn'd already fall
" Depart" he cries—Horror drags them, wild'ring,
Thro' th' deep—They rush—they roll—wide-flaming Hell
Receives them. There sin lies vanquish'd : there too
Satan writhes and groans for death—but death is dead—
Thunders roll round thro' the dark caves of Chaos—
Hell groans—THE PORTAL'S CLOS'D—
ETERNITY HAS STAMP'D ITS SEAL !
OBLIVION WANDERS O'ER IT.—

Now they rise—Redeemer and redeem'd :
Warbling in Hallelujah's strains delightful joys,
They flow along the happy yielding air,
Till the bright Father's glory circles round,
And Eden's immortality begins.

EV'NING ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON.

Lansingburgh, August, 1811.

THE sweets of calm repose
O'er nature lightly fall:
The healing balm of woes,
The sweets that come to all.

The robin stills her young
Within the bushy brake;
The nightingale with song
Keeps the soft airs awake.

On high the gentle dove,
Woos soft its love to rest;
Prepar'd, when matins move,
To leave the downy nest.

The river dimpling glides,
The winds forget its waves;

In stilly even tides,
The tender zephyr laves,

Clear Luna shines afar,
The face of night to cheer;
While many a silver star
Their twinkling rays prepare.

The cherub angels wait,
In haste their charge to guard—
—They've pass'd the azure gate—
—They wing the ethereal road.

And now they scatter round,
Where lovely virtue dwells:
With care they watch the ground,
And guard from coming ills.

My God! to thee I bow:
Thou art my hope, my guard—
Oh keep me safely now;
And guide thro' all my road!

THE JOYS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

WHAT give the mind a varied zest?
The troubled bosom balmy rest?
The heart relief that's woe oppress'd?
The joys of social life.

Within the soft domestick scene,
The greeting smile, the look serene,
Revive me more than fields of green:
Kind joys of social life.

The stranger, wand'ring, forc'd to roam,
Far distant from his native home,
With pleasure meets in foreign dome,
The joys of social life.

All vile contention driven far,
And every thought repell'd with care,
That may another's peace impair
Sweet joys of social life.

Ah give me then a tender friend,
With whom each pain and fear shall end,
For thus do sweetly, sweetly, tend
The joys of social life.

PRAISE THE LORD.

JEHOVAH reigns, let Heav'n rejoice,
Let Earth her anthems bring ;
To him, in one continued voice,
Let all the nations sing.

He girds, with might, with majesty,
Himself and rides sublime
Abroad, above the spreading sky,
And marks each various clime.

He holds the Heavens in his hand,
And Earth's foundations strong :

The winds roar high at his command,
Or softly breathe along.

Light'nings and billows know his word,
And storms that sweeping pour :
Creation calls him " glorious LORD,"
And Chaos owns his pow'r.

Before him move the system'd orbs,
Once moulded by his hand ;
The myriad Suns, the myriad globes,
Roll round at his command.

His fiat shakes the length'ning spheres,
The vast obeys his word,
Times flowing on in stedfast years.
Stop—at the voice of GOD !

He look'd—dark Chaos gather'd form !—
He spake—it roll'd in light :—
And where confusion hurl'd her storms,
Is order, beauteous, bright.

He sits within himself enthron'd,
Nor sees one rival near :
He reigns the LORD the GOD alone,
Nor knows the thought of fear.

Thro' all immensity he moves,
Observing every part,
But chiefly marks the home he loves
The humble, contrite heart.

OUR DEAR REDEEMER.

FLOW on, strains of grateful joy!
Halleluiahs, glide along!
Praising is my sweet employ,
Jesus' name exalts my song!

Jesus, from the realms of light,
Came to save a ruin'd race:
Left the mansions beaming bright,
Left a Father's fond embrace.

See him patiently descend!
See him in a manger laid!
He who was salvation's friend!
He on whom our hopes are staid!

Thro' a course of infant years,
Humbly, duteously, he liv'd—
He who dissipates our fears!
He who life and vict'ry gives!

Then a busy manhood prime,
Kindly, bitterly, he bore,
Filling up each part of time,
With a love unknown before.

Pain he banished and woe;
Peace and joy he made revive;
And, the spirit humbl'd low,
Bid look up, and smile and live.

Man despis'd him, mortals dar'd
Oft insult the Heav'nly king—
He his righteousness declar'd,
By the works from goodness spring.

On he pass'd and reach'd the goal,
The cross—accursed, bitter, tree;
Thence he breathes his Holy soul,
And completes the ransom free.

Now behold the purchase o'er,
See him rise and seek the skies,

Pain he undergoes no more,
Death with Hell astonish'd flies.

"Victor"—shouts the angelick throng
"Halleluiah"—seraphs cry—
And the anthem swelling strong
Fills with extacy the sky.

"Man is sav'd—the ruin'd race,
"Ransom'd—purchased—redeem'd,
"God vouchsafes forgiving grace
"Jesus—Saviour—swells our theme!"

"Now behold him rise" they cry—
"Haste—attend—resound him home"
Thronging myriads thro' the sky
Flow, and hail the Saviour come.—

Now he sits in Heav'n enthron'd—
Now invites our ruin'd race—
If we'll trust in him alone,
We may find redeeming grace.

But if mercy we refuse,
If we spurn the proffer'd love ;
If the way to Hell we chuse,
Leaving that which leads above.

Then we justly may expect
A doom, eternal, dark, severe,
Richly due to our neglect;
Who despise a Saviour dear.

Jesus clad in Judgment comes !
Awful opes the book of life !
Sinners haste to meet your doom !
Saints rejoice, rejoice and live !

TO CHATTERTON,

On reading a sketch of his Life.

YES, Chatterton, thy limbs are low in death :
Thy mind, so active, so indignant too,
At the stern contumely merit bears,
From degradated manhood, has fled—
But ah ! no stygian gloom it wings : it's gone
Within the presence of an Holy GOD !
Oh that some friend, (such deed had well become
A mother's care,) o'er thy yet tender mind
Those rich seeds had cast which ripen into
Purity and virtue—Had rais'd thy view
Beyond the petty cares of this vile world.
Then at thy foot alone the storm had rag'd ;
Nor, mounting higher, fill'd that noble breast
With flames and horror, such as genius knows,
When, without hope from Heav'n, 'tis brooding
O'er its wrongs, unpitied and despised.
But, humanity come nigh !—Here gaze—
And let this lesson sad disturb thy pride—
Thy pride ! and is there such a prodigy ?
—A man—that's proud !—vile grov'ler in the dust—

Dependant on the mercy of his GOD,
For every breath—come then and mark thy end,
When unassisted by superior strength !
—Like the tall tow'r, whose height is strong in a
Thou may'st a moment stand—But time will pass
And give thy braggadocia to the winds !

FABLE.

A LION raving round the woods
With roar belike the rapid floods,
Perchanc'd against a rock to bounce
With force as if with sudden pounce
He'd lighted on a timid hare
That fleetly wing'd the nether air.
Quick rising up, the sudden blow
Astonish'd all his senses so,
He scarcely knew which way to go,
But soon remember'd, and with pace,
Like snail slow moving from the place
" No more I'll get myself in passion,
" If this of consequence's the fashion.

AN ORCHARD SCENE.

MAY 1811.

FRAGRANT breathes the op'ning blossom ;
Lightly hum the sipping bees ;
Round me flits the insect-wanderer,
Sporting, beauteous, in the breeze.

Hark ! melodious swell the songsters,
Sweet attuning grateful love—
Praise from nature flows abundant ;
Praises flow from every grove.

Songster, was it nature taught you,
Is it instinct I admire ?
Does a spark of true devotion
Make you join the Heav'nly choir ?

Ha, I see them, mental viewing ;
Harps melodious blissful sing !
Round the throne they glide rejoicing :
Praise of Innocence they bring.

Ah how pure their robes are flowing,
Wash'd in their Redeemer's blood—
Praising soft, in songs rejoicing,
Him who pour'd the chrystal flood.

Come—Oh, give my longing vision
Strength to view without alloy,
Saviour—haste the happy season,
I may bliss so pure enjoy.

But no murmur—time in gliding
Will the hour delightful bring,
When, with souls departed shining,
I may sweetly praises sing.

Ye who love on couch to languish,
Ye who pine at luxury's board,
Come and ease your listless anguish,
Mark what joy the fields afford.

Shall I trace you little warbler,
Ask him where he learnt to sing—

Hark ! that sweet melodious swelling,
Answers " of Creation's King."

See the grass, by zephyr ruffled,
Verdant mingling in the breeze—
Soft confusion mid it wanders,
Gliding thence to sleeping trees.

There like pearly dew drops hanging,
Blossoms smile with sheltering leaves ;
As the joys of life uncertain,
—Scattering with the passing breeze.

Some stoick minds may, perhaps, smile at the affection herein expressed for a beloved parent—but it is not to them I write—The hope of meeting friends after death is, to me, the sweetest solace of this earthly pilgrimage.

MY MOTHER.

COME to my bosom blissful thought,
For thou hast now explor'd the scene,
Whence are our comforts daily brought—
The scene where dwells my mother.

Oh might you yet appear again,
To him whose tears your grave have steep'd.
But no—I'll waiting here remain,
And meet upon the eternal deep.

There sailing when my little bark,
Shall gladly, happy, glide along,
Do you the coming vessel mark,
And swiftly fly to meet your son.

Come then oh death and aid my flight,
When GOD shall bid you hasten on;
Till then I'd calmly, calmly, wait,
A parent lov'd to meet her Son.

But thought, why longer do you tarry,
Why hasten not to bring me word!
My heart with expectation 's weary;
Oh haste this comfort gracious LORD!

You come—now what have you explor'd?
" I've pass'd within the glorious scene,
" (Faith help'd me on the way so hard)
" I've wing'd along the eternal green,

" Where happiness and praises dwell,
" Where Halleluiahs float around,
" From those whose robes accorded well,
" With the sweet melody of sound.

" I saw your mother—there she sung,
" Amid the soft seraphick crowd—

"—Most blissful glories round her hung,
" And—" my Redeemer"—swell'd aloud.

" Your God was there—I dar'd not view,
" But bow'd with reverend awe profound—
" That he was glorious good I knew
" From the sweet melody of sound.

" It bore along such words as these—
" My Father" " Holy" " Glorious" " Good"
" Thy mercy justice has appeas'd—"
" Thou art the only glorious God !"

" Then swept the harps that cherubs bore,
" And Halleluiahs fill'd the vault—
" Glory—Glory ever more
" To him our only glorious God."

" Throughout the lengthening arches shone,
" Millions of hosts in order due,
" One name their voices prais'd alone,
" As thro' the vast they joyful flew.

" Your mother then again I saw,
" She knew me, and, with smile so sweet—
" 'Twas such as all around me wore—
" She said—" Go tell him here we meet."

THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

HAIL noble aim ! Hail most exalted deed !
Cæsar was great—or so the world has said :
And Alexander as a conqu'ror shone.
But what were they ? mere mad men ! Caterers
For death, and aids of misery ! Their aim,
Vile self aggrandizement ; and all the power
Their might could boast, turn'd only to th' shedding
Brighter gems o'er their own locks. Th' world might weep,
They car'd not—so long as some wild multitude,
Raving like tree tops in a noxious storm,
Threw up their caps, and cried out, " Ye are great."
Such are th' great men we so often gaze at,

Ycleped Heroes—Demigods—or Suns—
But death has cool'd them : Cæsar's arm is still
As is his slave's ; " his pride is in the dust :"
And—tho' " a god"—poor Alexander 's rotten !
But these in intellect were truly great ;
Much good their talents might, with ease, have done ;
Ambition spoil'd them ! that, a wildfire, rose
Off the dark pool of dank night shrouded ills,
And swept along—they gaz'd, they lov'd its glare,
And rush'd to ruin : and what is their reward ?
Why—*glory—the puff of fickle fame's short breath !*
Men, twins to them in frailty, speak their names,
While they—*forget to hear !* Ah, this glory
Is a school boy's plaything. It does to dazzle,
Please, and lure along some dangerous path
Whence else our fears might drive us : To tickle
Itching ears : to gild some mass of foul
Corruption, wickedness or misery—
'Twill make the weak man stare, but heals no wounds
Of conscience—plain duty is its better.
Cæsar ruled o'er armies, but the man
Who rules himself is greater.

Alexander wept, more worlds to conquer—
Had he look'd to his own heart he there
Had found employ.

But, greater, nobler, far
Than Cæsar, or e'en Ammon's Son, the world
Has seen. Friends to mankind. Those who, themselves
Have left without the scale, as hardly worth
Observing, and strove, ay, toil'd, that they might
Aid their fellows. We've seen them, like th' bay tree,
Stand alone : such was our Washington, and
Such was Howard, and such were many more
I fail to name ; than Cæsar greater as
Than stars the Sun. And we have seen them, like
The lofty forest, on Lebanon's rich mount,
Together blend their various powers for good.
Such are the social bands have treasur'd knowledge
And have spread it round, such are those have nurs'd
The arts and foster'd science high : and such
The band, the noble band, that o'er thy realm,
Oh Africk, shed the balm of peace, that raise

Their might against the hydra Hell hath sent
On earth, by man call'd slav'ry—slavery
Most vile—most abject—durance of the soul.
Such single and such social blessings earth
Enjoys and has enjoy'd : such men have liv'd,
And live—such have pass'd to Heaven, and now are
Passing. But a band, with worthier, higher,
More exalted, aim, remains unnotic'd.
Those have the second law with zeal obey'd :
Those have their neighbor lov'd, but this its GOD.

Ye friends to Jesus, who, from azure skies,
Came down, and bled, a ruin'd world to save :
Ye friends to him, who, from the honor'd mountain,
Sinai, thunder'd—or rather, ye,
Who favor'd are with such peculiar love,
GOD's word to spread—accept my youthful lay.

Ere the first ages of revolving time,
GOD saw the lapse would follow man's formation—
He saw the need, then would arise, of help :
He saw, and pitied. His creative mind
Determin'd, in the fullness of his love,

That Heav'nly help to give—and, when man fell,
No good remaining, not a spark of hope,
He felt the first ray strike him from on high :
Jehovah gave him hope—the promis'd Son
Rais'd him, despairing ; and his mind soon turn'd
On new obedience—but, the Heav'nly light,
He erst enjoy'd, now lost, how was he
To find his way aright ? how right to serve
His GOD ! His GOD vouchsaf'd a law reveal'd.

This he dispens'd, first in sweet dreams and
Visions of the night : in after-time from
Sinai was it thundered : softly,
By inspiration led, it stole across
The prophet's mind : In words that breath'd of Heav'n
It flow'd from Jesus lips ; and, later still,
Like dew of Hermon from th' Apostles pure.
This Law, collected, now contains the whole,
The only, rule can lead our way aright.
Man, as Adam once, still gropes in darkness :
His little mind is lost in finding out
The way to Heaven. GOD alone can lead,

And, in his word, the path is clearly shewn.

But all have not this cheering word of life :
Their wretchedness, their poverty forbids ;
Or else, they distant are from where 'tis known ;
Seas roll between them and the given law,
Or, various lands their obstacles oppose.
What then ! must thousands perish for the lack of bread
While hundreds spend their overflowing wealth
For meaner aims than to transport it to them ?
It has been thus—but our more favor'd age
Beholds the band, the happy band, is form'd,
To take the bread of life, the word of GOD,
And carry to th' poor, the maim'd, the wretched ;
To scatter joy o'er else barbarick scenes ;
And wake the slumb'rer, who would sleep to death,
To life to happiness and Heav'nly bliss.
Oh blest employ ! Angels, ministers of love,
Run with delight to do their maker's will ;
They joy in making happy : like swift wind,
Or nimble light they fly ; and all their strife,
Is who shall soonest execute command,

For soonest is accounted happiest :
And is not this like angels ? this employ,
Like that which occupies the Heav'nly host ?

*Mark yonder mortal, sunk, depress'd, despairing !
His poverty, his wretchedness, are woe !
Naught in this long tried world appears to bless,
And, o'er th' grave, a sullen cloud condenses,
—He shrinks to life, but fain would leave it too :
See then the messenger of love approach,
Bearing the balm for every mortal wound
His gift the sufferer takes. He reads—he smiles—
His hopes expand—Resign'd to Heav'n's behest,
He finds content new springing in his bosom,
While blest delight, and glories, beaming rapture
Fill all the future's bright, extending, scene.

See then another, in a dungeon thrall'd :
Shut out from day and air and pleasant smiles

* *For the truth of these statements I would refer the reader to a Sermon delivered by the Rev.* SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, D. D. *before the Albany Bible Society, Feb.* 1811.

Of summer, autumn, and renewing spring :
For him, the Sun, in vain, begins his way,
In vain the shades of eve with softness close—
For him in vain, the April bearing gale
With sweetness breathes : for him in vain
The flocks are pastur'd, and the spreading meads
New bloom with life ; unseen the forests wave,
The river glides, the sweetly swelling hills
And varying dales smile not for him ;
The feather'd songsters too warble afar.
Nor is this all—in infancy, his heart
Has tasted JESUS—perhaps, his mind
Has por'd along the comfort giving page,
Perhaps has drank the dew of life from that
Rich fount, th' scriptures ; but now, his joys are gone
He tastes no more the dew of Hermon, nor
The nectar flow of JESUS' love ; no strength
He draws from tracing how the prophets thorns
Have trod ;—how erst they wander'd 'wildered
In wilds, and how their GOD supported ;
How th' apostles, view'd the gloomy walls
Of cold clad dungeons, drank, of biting pain,

The bitter cup; and how our saviour too
Felt the dire pressure of intensest woe:
These views are far—His memory is weak
Or is inactive—no kind friend appears:
Some small and sickly taper may begloom
His shadowing cell, and give its horrors form—
But hark! the hinges grate—a friend appears
Bearing the treasure lent us from the skies—
—He clasps it to his bosom! Hopes anew!
Rejoices, praises, tastes the sweets of bliss!
Is not this deed deserving! Oh my GOD
Give me to bear such joy to one poor heart,
And I will praise thee! Oh will praise forever!
Come nigh ye heroes! little majesties!
Put on your purple, trinkets, titles, all!
Come burnish up your deeds, *your mighty deeds*,
Let venal folly praise and trink them out,
And then compare—ah! well may ye avoid—
The rush light is asham'd before the sun
Nor is this all: see yonder dusky tribe,
Bowing and paying homage to a rock;
A log, the sun, the moon, or twinkling stars—

Some senseless particle of GOD's creation.
Their minds are ignorant, or just prepar'd
By missions, Heav'nly, cheering, messengers,
To heed the truth that shall be brought to view:
See then this band! this most illustrious band!
Dispensing freely the delightful means
Of fixing knowledge and of gaining truth!
Soon shall we see those senseless idols fall!
Soon will temples smile! soon altars rise,
And incense kiss the clouds and mount on high!
Then, when the flood of living light shall pour,
Thro' all their moral hemisphere, a joy,
Whom will their hearts attempt to praise but GOD!
The LORD Jehovah! King and glorious judge!
Whom will they bless as instruments but ye,
Most favored band, who pour'd among them
Beams of Heavenly light and taught them life!
Around whose tents, will blessings kindly flow,
Call'd down by pray'r, new rais'd, now born, but your's!
And, when in Heav'n celestial joys ye taste,
Shall not bright myriads now to you unknown,

Praise their Jehovah as their Saviour true,
And bless and greet and Hail you as the means!

Oh thou who heard when Abraham call'd, and who
Attention gave to infant Samuel's cry,
Grant me this pray'r!
May thy rich grace, like dew of Heav'n descend,
And own and bless this band, this zealous band,
And other happy bands, and other men,
Who, on thy strength relying, now exert,
Immanuel's kingdom to exalt, and thee to praise!
Scatter the fogs and darkness may be thrown
By Satan, in this day of rage and strife,
This hour of hydras, infidels, and blasphemy,
And keep thy chosen ones, and make them strong,
As Sinai's mountain, in the hour of war!

Oh lead them too where charity shall smile,
And fill with love, and may their hearts
O'erflow with kindness as the nectar dew,
Till to Immanuel's bosom they depart,
And smiles commence shall beam and glad forever.

REFLECTIONS AT A PLEASANT COUNTRY SEAT, WHOSE OWNER HAD LATELY SUNK INTO THE GRAVE.

AH solemn thought ! these scenes, so calm and lovely,
Once, as beauteous and as calm, were view'd,
By eyes that now in cold oblivion rest !
Dead are those secret springs which hasty mov'd,
Light trembling joys around the bright'ning cheek,
Oft, when the Sun's first ray soft struck the hills,
And, o'er the fields a tender mildness crept,
Or, when calm twilight blandly shed its sweets,
Or diamond midnight shone in azure shy.

Cold too the hand which pointed to the scene
Where nature's treasures most profusely spread.
And that dear heart,
Rich with the sweet'ners of our pilgrimage
With hope, with charity, and love,
Now stilly sleeps——Death has been here !
He's torn away a gem, but not destroy'd ;
A little moment hidden in the dust,

Soon with bright dazling lustre will it shine,
And shame yon orb of day!

THOUGHTS.

MY Saviour! unto thee I'd raise
The Halleluiah, that, with grateful flow,
Should glide down Time's short wave,
Then, with eternity commingling,
Last forever.

AH who shall murmur or repine,
Tho' delving in an earthly mine,
With brow expos'd to care!

The ore will be refin'd by grace,
The dross, our trials will displace,
And treasures rich prepare.

OH see those fair celestial heights,
How bright they shine, how glorious glow,
They shine, oh ye who act aright,
They glow, oh Christians, but for you !

ON SEEING A PASSING VESSEL.

THUS slow we sail along the passing tide,
Nor heed the present vision, often seen,
Till, 'gainst the rock of death, we careless glide
—Then—ope our eyes on future's awful scene.

LIFE'S as an ocean, as a busy sea,
Our troubles are but winds that waft us o'er,
The stronger they, the sooner shall we pass
And reach the destin'd port.

TO THE ROBIN.

LITTLE warbling nymph of May,
Thou who scatt'rest on my way,
Simple strains and accents wild,
Shewing thee the muses' child;
Let thy happy woodland note,
'Mong the shades of ev'ning float,
Come, and with your little lay,
Please the pensive hour away:
Then when morn begins to glow,
Let your thankful praises flow;
Let your sweetly grateful song,
With the breezes glide along:
And when I with Myra rove,
In th' stilly whispering grove,
Oh then come and hover near,
That she may smile to see you there.

SLANDER.

SATAN, the plotting, Machiavelian, king,
One day to monster malice thus address'd :
" Dread Sir, cannot we form some fiendlike thing,
" Shall more of mortals to our kingdom press ?

" I know of some materials spread on earth,
" Which I with care have there in time past brought ;
" I'll go collect them, and we'll form the birth
" Of something by which mischiefs may be wrought."

He came : he sought the fullgrown tyger first,
And from his heart that drop of blood express'd—
The essence of his raging direful thirst,
For cruelty—than fury scarcely less.

Next he demands the subtle viper's fang,
With that still poison from its point infus'd—
The bag he tears away, with all the slang,
And Saliva the nest around him shews.

Next of the hypocrite excuses borrows,
Which self had for its own convenience fram'd,
Why it delight should take in causing sorrows,
By dwelling on the faults of men by name.

Then, passing on, he stole a Vulture's nest;
With carrion cramm'd, the vile refuse of death,
Pluck'd by the murd'rous beak from fields where rest,
Fragments of trav'llers forc'd to yield their breath.

These in his bosom bearing, much of vile
And fiendish nature they obtain'd beside—
Deceit that ready wears a hollow smile;
And smooth tongu'd flattery with oily glide.

At home arriv'd; he to his master brought
These parts prepar'd: the monster scowl'd delight;
Then breath'd upon them full—*the little ort,*
The essence of them—Slander—hopp'd in sight.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

THO' we in diff'rent places praises,
In diff'rent temples anthems raise,
Our incense is the same.

Above, it mingles as it flows,
Around the same pure throne it glows,
And with united aim.

Then say not we are far apart,
Our praises, springing from the heart,
Meeting declare us one.

The same Redeemer sees them flow,
In an united grateful glow,
How then are we alone ?

If grace is our's, it comes from God,
Along the same delightful road
Descending from above :

If peace and comfort in us rise,
They too are from beyond the skies,
From the same glorious love.

Our pains from like corruptions spring,
And balm from the same Heav'nly king,
Healing, declares us one.

Mansions the same, beyond the skies,
We hope to hold, and him we prize
Is GOD, the LORD alone.

Yes, we are one tho' far apart,
And heart will still respond to heart,
Then how are we alone?

HYMN.

THE op'ning visions of thy grace,
My GOD, my king, arise,
They fill my soul with joy and peace—
My thoughts ascend the skies.

There JESUS dwells—Redeemer lov'd;
Jehovah now, and GOD.
Kindness to us he well approv'd,
When in this vale he trod.

I see the saints that with him walk'd,
And bore man's taunting frown:
The humble souls with JESUS talk'd,
And liv'd for him alone.

And, now he's rais'd beyond this world,
They mount to mansions high:
They see their foes beneath them hurl'd,
While they exalt the sky.

JESUS, assist our trembling souls !
Oh, strengthen and confirm !
Save us while earth to ruin rolls !
And lift above the storm !

TO PHILOMEL.

RIGHTLY swells thy cheering note,
Now the airs of ev'ning float ;
Come, I'll sit beside the rill,
Where the breezes murmur still,
And your song of harmony,
Sweetly soft'ning harmony,
Shall the closing hour beguile,
Ere the beams of Cynthia smile.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BEAUT'OUS, little, flutt'ring thing,
Fanning air with silken wing,
Oh, be not so full of fear!
Fly not far, but hover near—
I'll not harm you: let me gaze,
Let me view that downy maze,
Where colors' soft confusion smiles—
Ah I've caught you—luckless child—
Now you're dead—I never meant
To harm you, oh 'twas accident.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

HAIL to the man who on himself depends ;
Not wav'd by fleet opinion's every breeze,
Who (with the deference due to thoughts of friends)
Goes on to action as himself shall please.

So great was Cæsar, tho' from motives vile,
From motives of aggrandizement he dar'd ;
In his strong self collected he could smile
When little minds the coming danger fear'd.

Cherish not obstinacy—that despise !
Candid and firm decision 'tis I mean :
To every argument first ope your eyes,
Then cautiously conclude—and there remain.

And, tho' conclusion carefully be drawn,
If some new motive should spring up to view,
Revolve it well ; to thinking calm return ;
But judgment never for light cause renew.

A man I've seen, who, half afraid to think,
Would partly form conclusion, then, forsooth,
Advice would ask of friends—one friend might wink,
Perhaps, awry—another talk of truth,

Or politicks, or what he thought of most—
His carelessly attending to the fellow
—His poor opinion soon gives up the ghost,
And disappointment clothes his mind in sallow.

Ah, when you think of aught pursue it straight:
Form your own notions, form them candidly:
Then ne'er for half advising friendship wait,
But the fix'd aim pursue, and steadily——

Friends may be fearful they may bear the blame,
Or they may fear that you yourself will suffer:
Be grateful to them—but with thoughts the same,
Go on—except to stop they motives strong should offer.

Think you did Cæsar ever ask his friends!
Did Washington—"may I do this!" require!

Or, if they ask'd them, 'twas with firmest ends
Their thoughts they gain'd and then their own enquir'd.

Ah, had they whiffled round with every whim,
Opinion's various warehouse can expose,
Rome's freedom longer high had dar'd to swim,
And Britain still had held our cup of woes.

Then, firmly, like a strength'ning bulwark, stand :
Receive good thoughts within, the bad discharge :
Thus. wide ye pow'r may scatter o'er the land,
And good, by your lone means, extend at large.

See Howard rising like a tow'r, to view !
His fame is fix'd deeper than oceans roll,
His mind, like magnet, to his heart was true,
And now his name rolls round from pole to pole.

His friends have doubtless said " the world will laugh,
" Dangers will seize you," enemies conspire,"
His noble conduct shews he held as chaff,
All bars that bid him from his work retire.

Hail worthy man ! thy deeds have reach'd the skies :
There register'd in golden tablets stands
The strong remembrance—thou hast gain'd the prize,
The crown, above the harp arch angel bands.

Yes, 'tis not fame alone that man should seek,
" Do good" 's the sound should thunder in his ear,
Whether from peaceful slumbers he awake
Or, in the midst of dangers, cope with fear.

Was man plac'd here to be a useless clod ?
To putrefy and fat the teeming earth ?
—Let him obey the mandate of his GOD,
And well fulfill the purpose of his birth !

" Be useful," is the song creation sings !
" Be useful," beams the starry Heaven's extent !
" Be useful," sound the busy angels' wings !
Says scripture " To be useful" you was meant !

Is there no widows' tear that you can dry ?
Is there no orphan you can snatch from vice ?

Cannot you somewhere pity's balm apply ?
Or can you not some growing ill chastise ?

Listen and know ! the sounds that swell the gale,
Have 'mong them cries of deep, of true distress ;
Some may perhaps but whisper forth the tale,
Still is the call to sympathy not less.

Say not "I have no means," you surely have—
Search your own breast, find out what man can do !
Your thoughts in past heroick actions lave,
Then act, with firmness, to your purpose true.

Nor say "another may the work perform"
"For me, supine in indolence I'll live,"
Ah how will you comfort the Judgment storm,
When self has no more syren songs to give !

See the poor culprit rising from his grave !
Neglected all his duty, nothing done,—
—No "oil procur'd—no "bridegroom" comes to save ;
His hopes are plac'd on misery alone.

Hear the just Judge declare "depart from me"
"I hunger'd, thirsted, as a stranger rov'd,
"And naked, ye my wants would never see,
"And, tho' in prison, nought your love approv'd.

See the young Christian toiling up the steep!
Temptations form one rock—he looks above,
And mounts—within his heart is graven deep
The strong remembrance of his Saviour's love.

That then assists him—and when self, depraved,
Would drag him downward and confound his hopes,
That shews the penitent, by JESUS sav'd—
To him he prays as his sure stedfast prop.

Thus hoping, trusting, praying, struggling hard,
He finds support and feels new comforts rise,
He sees the crown above, the rich reward,
And all his thoughts are fasten'd on the skies.

Satan may shew him death—and draw it dark,
Forbidding—strong—severe—still on the road

His Saviour trod he looks—a cheer'ing spark
Illumes his breast—he mounts—he finds his GOD !

Rouse to your duty—quick decide, perform,
Look to our GOD for an increasing strength,
He will assist you to confront the storm,
And, if you humbly serve him, save at length.

ACROSTIC.

W AR shakes her sturdy horrors o'er the land ;
A loft her toscin rears and waves around,
S ounding with terror !—black on high
H eaven and the glooming azure frown,
I nviting fell despair : beleaguing foes,
N ow pour along the strand, now spread,
G igantick in their threats, in numbers too
T errible to us, an infant nation.——where's the hope
O f help ?—behold, from higher Heaven
N ew sprung, a beam, that lights to WASHINGTON !

ODES.

I.

THE song that swells creation's space
Is "Glory to Jehovah:"
The sound that rocks th' Heav'n's base,
Is "Glory to Jehovah."
Round the arched sky it runs,
Thro' the orbs, amid the suns,
Flying swift from sphere to sphere,
Flying 'till it reaches here:
See among the grass it floats!
Hear it in those warbling notes!
E'en the rills that glide along,
Smiling, join the Heav'nly song.
Rocks resound it, billows' roar
Spreads the sound from shore to shore.

II.

CHERUBS sing, in blissful strains,
JESUS triumph o'er his pains:
O'er the powers of sin and death,
O'er the caves of Hell beneath:

Warbling seraphs, Heav'nly fair,
Glide thro' soft celestial air,
Singing sweet of Jesus' love,
Singing, while th' Heav'ns approve.
Yonder see a shining band,
Smiling, gliding, hand in hand!
Garments pure as Heav'nly dew,
Such as Heav'nly mountains shew!
Crowns of bright celestial gems,
Bright as Eden's morning beams;
Full of rapture, full of love,
Near the holy throne they move!
Humbly, reverently, they bow;
Shining crowns are cast as low:
JESUS' glory circles round—
Hark! they catch the cherub sound!
"Halleluiah," Heav'nly song,
Halleluiah glides among;
Brighter than the sun at noon;
Softer than the silver moon;
Sweeter than the dawn of day;
Milder than the ev'ning ray;

Lovelier than Arcadia's green;
Is the thought of such a scene.

III.

BALM of Heav'n, balm of peace,
Flow on still! oh, do not cease!
Charm the air with purest joy!
Pure thou art without alloy.
Wealth of earth is sordid dross:
Honor, a deceitful gloss:
Pleasure, is a crested snake,
Shining bright our souls to take:
Disappointment waits on all;
Disappointment rules this ball;
Oh then come and stay with me!
JESUS' peace I fain would see.

IV.

ANOTHER soul has wing'd its flight,
New—escap'd the realms of night;
Upward glides its airy wing;
Lov'lier than th' buds of spring.

See ! a bright celestial throng,
Hastes the 'raptur'd air along,
Hitherward they bend their way ;
Here they shed a brighter day :
Greeting soft with looks of love—
—Now they bear the soul above.'
Mark her bright enraptur'd eye
As they waft to realms on high !
See the bliss that round her glows ;
Bliss that from her Saviour flows !
Eden's rose was pure and fair,
Pure was Eden's morning air,
But this bright and blissful scene,
Purer is than they have been.
Now her eye is cast below,
How she pities mortals' woe !
Waft away, oh blissful soul,
JESUS is our hope, our whole !
He will help us seek the skies :
He will help to thee to rise.

V.

JESUS kind, has been with me,
In Heav'nly festivity.
Sweeter than the balm of spring,
When the zephyr's gentle wing,
Fans the air with tender sighs,
Is the love beyond the skies :
Richer than the starry way,
Softer than th' diamond's ray,
Lovelier than the mountain rose,
Is the joy from JESUS flows :
Take the blossoms from the trees,
Take Arabia's sweetest breeze,
Gather all the landscape's green,
From Arcadia's mountains seen ;
Shepherd innocence combine,
With the garlands infants 'twine,
In the morning dew of May ;
Morning dew as pure as they ;
Lov'lier far than these can be,
JESUS rich has been with me :

Let the wealth Potosi knows,
With the gold Golconda shews,
And the gems in Asia shine,
All in one delight combine ;
Then the love the earth can boast ;
Friendship pure of richest cost ;
All affection's tender flow ;
In a richer treasure shew :
Joys the happy youthful pair,
Taste in summer ev'ning air,
As they mark the moon's pale beam,
Sleeping on some silver stream,
As they listen to the trees,
Whisp'ring with the passing breeze,
Or as on some high hill's top,
Hill where soft the beamlets drop,
They hear th' warblings in the vale,
Of Shepherd or of Nightingale ;
Joy that fills the eye with tears,
When a virtuous son appears ;
Pleasure duteous children know,

When, a parent lying low,
Help is found, whose kind command,
Raises from diseases' hand ;—
Better far than these can prove,
Are the joys of JESUS' love.

VI.

IS thy heart depress'd and low ?
Quickly to JEHOVAH go !
Does the world with scornful smile,
Or with worse deceitful wile,
Aim to mar your bosom's peace ?
Pray to GOD ! nor hasty cease !
Does flatt'ry with deadly blow,
Strive to lay your graces low ?
Haste thee ! fly to him on high !
Fly to him beyond the sky !
Flatt'ry is a deadly elf,
Worse than love of sordid pelf :
'Tis a demon dark and dire,
Dangerous as devouring fire :
Light with smiles it trips along,

Chaunting forth a syren song ;
But 'tis deadlier than the storm ;
Or than Boreas' awful form,
When he rises in his rage,
Wars athwart the sky to wage :
Better bear the keenest frown,
Ever modesty cast down ;
Better hear severest truth,
Unaccompanied by ruth ;
Than the syren song of him,
Who is worse than stygian stream.

VII.

LET some seraph hover nigh,
New descended from the sky,
And a scene of bliss unfold,
Shines within the realms of gold !
There a throng, as azure bright,
Or, as brilliancy of light,
Rove along celestial air
Vision most supremely fair !
There a son and parent seen ;

Those who dearest friends have been ;
Warbling, in delightful strains,
Joys that cancel all their pains :
How they praise Redeeming love !
How harmoniously they prove
Harps of soft celestial song,
Sweet as—soft celestial song !
Now they sing of purest joy,
Pure delight without alloy ;
Now admire the mercy kind,
Wand'ring, earthly souls could find ;
Hark ! they strike the rapt'rous strain !
" Fall'n man restor'd again"
' Higher, higher, raise the song !
' JESUS, SAVIOUR moves along !'—
—Come and taste these rapt'rous joys !
Sinner ! leave this world of toys !

VIII.

HEAR a soul, who glides along,
Mid the pure celestial throng !
" Thanks to my Redeemer rise !

" Ere I rose above the skies,
" He with kind afflictions tried me,
" And with chast'ning pain supplied me ;
" Sav'd me from temptation's snare,
" When I knew not how to fear :
" Kind Redeemer ! glorious friend !
" Praise and joy shall never end !"

IX.

AH, the souls in JESUS blest,
Shall enjoy a glorious feast !
Men of unbelieveing mould ;
Who to sin their souls have sold,
Never these delights shall taste,
Except they rise and go in haste !
JESUS bends the willing ear !
Now our humble pray'r he'll hear :
Haste thee mortal ! taste his love !
Or his joys you ne'er shall prove !

X.

LET the bard of Teian measure,
Sing of wild and wanton pleasure;
Let him praise the wine in urns,
And the feverish joy that burns;
Wine that sparkles, joy that burns;
Mine be still the milder ray,
Shed from pure religion's lay;
Let my hopes to Heaven ascend;
Let me have my God my friend;
Let my soul, in pleasures pure,
Still delight,—I ask no more.
Cherubs o'er my slumbers smiling;
Balmy peace the time beguiling;
[illegible]est raptures full in view,
When I bid this world adieu!
Teian taste your fleeting pleasure,
Mine will last and without measure.

THE pen of THOMAS MOORE, has consigned him to infamy with the pious, except, like Rochester, he recal his writings. His poetry is beautiful, but many of his sentiments are fit only to be cherished in some hothouse of vice, or in Milton's Pandemonium.

Is it strange that we have so many youthful libertines, so many confirmed debauchees of twenty one, when the fire of genius is so frequently employed in attempting to light up damnation and prettily tinsel the way to hell.—many has poured upon us, her morceaus, France her luring literary elegancies, until infidelity wears as pleasing an appearance as fancy can give her, or Satan can desire. But the hour of retribution hastens on, when the dream of false elegance will be broken by avenging thunder, and the arm of the puny atheist, and of the sorrowing infidel, will rise to Heaven in supplication, in vain. Then will it be known whether the word that came from Sinai and from the blessed JESUS be true, or the sickly ravings of distempered imaginations and depraved hearts.

ANACREON MOORE.

PARODIES.

ODE XXXVIII.

LET us raise the "golden bowl,"*
Let us swell the song of soul,
To him our GOD who loves so well,

* *The heart. See Scripture.*

The " golden bowl" in choral swell.
HIM, who instructs the sons of earth,
To purify the ways of mirth ;
HIM, who was nurs'd by Heav'nly love,
And cradled near a Bethl'em grove ;
HIM, that the queen of matron charms
Revering held in purer arms.
From him that joyous transport flows,
Which the forgiving sinner knows ;
With him, the mind forgets to darkle,
And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
Behold ! our hearts an off'ring bear,
Whose grateful fragrance mounts the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh ?
To the shades they fly, they fly !
Grasp the harp ; in prayers sinking,
Man of sorrow leave thy thinking !
Oh ! can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught ?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er ?
No, no ! the walk of life is dark ;

JESUS alone can light a spark !
Then let me raise the praying tide,
And thro' the hymn rejoicing glide ;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of pardon sent to fragrant death ;
And from my Saviour's kiss inhale
The most reviving, richest gale !
To souls that count distressing care,
Let him retire and shroud him there ;
While we will raise the golden bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, our GOD, who loves so well
The " golden bowl" in choral swell !

XXXIX.

HOW I love the infant boy,
Singing sweet of Heav'nly joy !
How I love the pious sage,
Smiling thro' the veil of age !
And where'er this man of years,
In the house of GOD appears,
Age is on his temples hung,

But his heart—his heart is young !

XL.

I KNOW that Heav'n ordains me here,
To run this mortal life's career ;
The scenes which I have journied o'er,
Return no more—alas ! no more ;
And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know, nor wish to know.
Then sure, Despair, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a heart like mine ;
No, no ! the heart that feels with me,
Can never be a slave to thee !
And oh ! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Hope's luxuriant flow'rs,
And gild with faith my fading hours ;
JESUS shall bid my winter bloom,
And mercy lead me to the tomb !

XLI.

WHEN spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,

And hear the zephyr's 'liv'ning sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How sweet to mark, around the vine,
The bee collecting honied wine;
And with a friend, whose every sigh
Is wing'd for Heaven, low to lie
Where we may with JESUS meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

XLIII.

WHILE our grateful praises shed
Blessings o'er each lowly head,
With many a hymn and many a smile
The peaceful moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd flings
Trembling rapture from its strings,
Some seraph pure, with Heav'nly limbs,
Thro' fancy's airy vision swims,
Waving, in his silver hand,
From the tree of life a wand,
Which as the beaut'ous vision flies,
Seems to breathe ambrosial sighs!

And Hope the while, with golden hair,
Floating, on celestial air
Sings, in Halleluiah's tone,
A tale of rising joys her own ;
And oh ! what rapture in her sigh,
As o'er her lips the murmurs die !
Surely not from nought has been
So divine, so blest a scene !
Has Raphael left th' azure sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here ?
Or Ithuriel, foe of wiles ?
Or some seraph, beaming smiles ?
One was here, to join with me
In Heavenly festivity !

I.

I SAW the smile of virtuous pleasure,
The minstrel of religious measure ;
'Twas in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wond'ring sight ;
I heard his voice, and warmly prest
The dear seraphick to my breast.

His tresses wore a Heav'nly dye,
And beauty sparkled in his eye ;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Thro' the glow of pure desire.
His lip exhal'd as one that sigh'd
The fragrance of a balmy tide ;
And, as with light and gliding feet
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
Fair mercy of the Heav'nly band,
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his beamy brows he drew
A braid of most celestial hue ;
I took the braid of di'mond twine !
It beam'd a joy unknown to wine !
I hung it o'er my happy brow,
And oh ! I feel the pleasure now !
'Tis strange e'en his garlands touch,
Can make the bosom glow so much !

III.

LISTEN to fair Virtue's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire !

Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first pourtray;
Many a city, praising free,
Warm with pure festivity.
Picture then a beaut'ous train,
Infants straying o'er the plain;
Warbling, as they rove along,
Hallelujah—Hev'nly song,
Painting me next, if painting may
Such a scene as this pourtray,
All the happy joys of love,
Those elect of JESUS prove.
Can grateful breeze, or prayers breath,
Affect the slumbering chill of death?
No, no; I ask no pray'r to steep
With fragrant tears my body's sleep:
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe devotion flowing;
Now let a spark of Heav'nly fire
Around my heart its strength expire;
Religion bring with cherub eye,
She will teach me how to die!

Yes, scripture! ere my soul retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With Faith, and thee, and hope most dear,
I'd make a short Elysium here!

II.

GIVE me the harp of solemn song,
Which David's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the vengeful string,
The Law is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the kinder gospel rite,
I'm leader of your hearts to night;
Let all around me praise as high,
And offer pray'r more pure than I!
And when sweet love's descending dews,
Their rich, reviving balm diffuse,
Our voice shall catch the Heav'nly sound,
And Halleluiahs glide around,
Oh Saviour! we will sing of thee,
Afar from all ebriety?
And mingle round blissful thought,
Our Saviour could alone have taught!

Then give the harp of solemn song,
Which David's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the vengeful string,
The Law is not the theme I sing!

LXXVI.

SPIRIT of Heav'n whose tresses shine
Along the breeze in golden twine;
Come, within a beant'ous cloud,
Blushing with light, a vot'ry shroud;
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh! waft me hence away!
Heav'n! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy extacy.
For oh! this world with treach'rous glow,
Tempts me to sin, then mocks my woe;
Smiles at my hopes of Heav'nly dews,
And false allurements round me strews:
'Tit true—the only real charms,
Are found in JESUS' blissful arms!

FINIS.